ROSALYND:

Euphues Golden Legacie.

Found after his death in his Cell at SILEXEDRA.

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAVTVS Sonnes, nurſed vp with their Father in ENGLAND.

Fetcht from the Canaries, by T. L. *Gent.*

LONDON

Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICK, and are to bee ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard, in Fleete-ſtreete vnder the Dyall.

1609.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the right Honorable and his moſt esteemed Lord, the Lord of *Hunſdon*, Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties houſhold, and gouernour of the *Towne of Barwicke*: T. L. G. *wiſheth increaſe of all honorable vertues.*

SVch Romanes (right Honorable) as delighted in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of *Auguſtus*, becauſe he was a patron of ſouldiers: and *Virgil* diſcribed with Poemes as a *Mecenas* of ſchollers: both ioyntly aduauncing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as ſacrifice to *Pallas*, preſent her Bayes as ſhee is wiſe, and with Armour as ſhe is valiant: obſeruing heerein that excellent *to Prepon* which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the perſon. When I entred (right Honorable) with a deepe inſight into the conſideration of theſe premiſes, ſeeing your Lordſhip to bee a Patron of all Martiall men, and a *Mecenas* of ſuch as apply themſelues to ſtudie, wearing with *Pallas* both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with *Auguſtus* at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being my ſelfe firſt a ſtudent, and afterwards falling from Bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordſhip

Hauing with Captaine *Clarke* made a voyage to the Ilands of *Tereeras*, and the *Canaries*, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this Booke: rough, as hatcht in the ſtormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the ſurges of many perillous ſeas. But as it is the worke of a Souldiour and a Scholler, I preſume to ſhrowde it vnder your Honours patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions, and whoſe honourable loue

 growne

growne from the generall applause of the whole common wealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of euerie bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honorable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as beeing scholler with your noble sonnes, Maister *Edmund Carew*, and Maister *Robert Carew*, (two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, & a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also being scholler in the Vniuersitie vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Hobby*, when he was a Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happy euery way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honorable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection bee placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a Souldiers and a schollers pen with your gratious acceptance, who answeres in affection what wants in eloquence: so deuoted to your honour, as his only desire is to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honors Souldiour most
Humbly affectionate:
Thomas Lodge.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Entlemen, looke not heere to find any ſprigs of Pallas *baytree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleaſing vaine of any eloquent Orator:* Nolo altum ſapere, *they be matters aboue my capacitie: the coblers checke ſhall neuer light on my head.* Ne ſutor vltra crepidam, *I will goe no further then the latchet, and then al is well. Heere you may perhaps finde ſome leaues of* Venus *mirtle, but hewen downe by a ſouldiour with his curtelaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a ſouldiour and a ſailer; that giues you the fruits of his labour that he wrote in the Ocean, where euery lyne was wet with a ſurge, and euery humorous paſſion counterchekt with a ſtorme. If you like it, ſo, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour: But if* Momus, *or any diſquieted aſſe, that hath mighty eares to conceiue with* Midas, *and yet little to iudge: if hee come aboord our barke to finde fault with the tackling when hee knows not the ſhrowdes, ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a ruſtie pollax, that ſaw no ſunne this ſeauen yeeres, and either will bebaſte him, or beaue the cockescombe ouerboord to feede cods. But curteous Gentlemen, that fauour moſt, backebite none, and pardon what is ouerſlipt, let ſuch come and welcome, ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a kan of our beſt beuerage. Well Gentlemen, you haue* Euphues ī egacie, *I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of* Terceras, *and therefore read it, cenſure with fauour, and farewell.*

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Yours T. L.

The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.

THE vehemencie of my ſickneſſe, Philautus, *hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet muſt I die in counſailing thee. Thou haſt ſonnes by* Camelia, *as I heare, who beeing young in yeeres, haue greene thoughts, and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bend them in youth like the Willow, leaſt thou bewaile them in their age for their wilfulneſſe. I haue bequeathed them a* Golden Legacy, *becauſe I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as* Archelaus *did* Caſſander, *to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the beſt method. They ſhall finde loue anatomized by* Euphues, *with as liuely colours as in* Apelles *Table: Roſes to whip him when he is wanton, reaſon to withſtand him when he is headie.*

Here may they reade that vertue is the Ring of labour, opinion the miſtris of fooles, that vanitie is the pride of nature, contention the ouerthrow of families: here is Elleborus bitter in taſte, but beneficiall in triall, I haue nothing to ſend to thee Camelia *but this counſell, that in ſteede of worldly goods, you leaue your ſonnes vertue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then Lords of your manners. I feele death that ſummons me to my graue, and my ſoule deſirous of his God. Farewell* Philautus, *and let the tenour of my counſell be applied to thy childrens comfort.*

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man finde this ſcrowle ſend it to Philautus in England.

Rosalynde.

THere dwelt adioyning to the Cittie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellencie of both, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in describing the riches of their bounties. Wise hee was, as holding in his head a supreme conceite of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment: and to make his wisedome more gracious, he had that *Salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlysses: his valour was no lesse then his wit, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible, then the sweetnes of his tongue was persuasiue: for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the knights of Malta. This hardie Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundry battels against the Turks, at last (as the day of time hath his course) grew aged: his haires were siluer bewed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honour sate in the surrowes of his face, and many yeares wer portrayd in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phenix knew the terme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanne discouer his end by her songs, hauing three sonnes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them, to bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increase their louing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellow knights of Malta, hee resolued to leaue them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore dead

in his lookes to mone them to pittie, and teares in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he gaue to his sonnes.

good Reading

O My sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a finall ende of my dayes, the Holmetree waxeth away-warde, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you the world that increaseth many sorrowes. my siluer haires containe great experience, and the number of my yeares haue pend downe the subtilties of fortune. Therfore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to countercheck pouertie, so I will bequeath you infalible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thée Saladine the eldest, and therfore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherin should be ingraued, aswell the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thée I giue fourtéene plough-lands, with all my Manour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine, I bequeath twelue plough-lands: But vnto Rosader the youngest, I giue my horse, my armor, and my launce, with sixtéene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceede you all in bountie and honor. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherin if you bee as prodigall to spend, as I haue beene carefull to get, your friends will grieue to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did beginne in your excesse. Let mine honour bee the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the load-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Aime your déedes by my honourable intents, and shew your selues sons worthy of so flourishing a tree: least as the birds Halcyones which exceed in whitenes, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknesse. Climbe not (my sonnes), aspyring pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth into a smoke, they that stare at the starres, stumble vpon the stones: & they that gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they be Eagle eyed) fall blind: soare not too high

with

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke: nor attempt not with Phaeton, lest you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with wax, and therfore either sit still & make no wing, or else beware the Sun, and hold Dedalus axiome authenticall (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Low shrubs haue deepe roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vpward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melody, where strings stretch high, either soon they crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your harts content, & thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, carefull for the common-weale, & faithfull to your friends. so shal France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorrow, and vnfold your secrets, and he either will relieue with councell, or perswade with reason: but take heed in the choise, the outward show makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Kalenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe lookth most drie, then it is most wet: when the shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they foretoken a storme. The Baatan leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sons, chose a friend as the Hiperborei do their mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be current: so trie & then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them vp for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemy to honour: but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bounds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, & with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue, for it is far more perilous then pleasant, and yet I tel you it alloureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, & beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, & though her lawes pretend liberty, yet there is nothing but losse & glittering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eie, as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudiciall to gase vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it ma-

reth vnto death. Truſt not their ſawning fauors, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon ſteele, which no ſooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, and their paſſions are as momentanie as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the ſight of euery obiect. My breath waxeth ſhort, and mine eyes waxe dimme, the houre is come, and I muſt away: therefore let this ſuffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therfore if you loue, chooſe one that hath eies of adamant, that will turne onely to one poynt, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Scithin leafe, that neuer wags but with a ſouthealt wind: and yet my ſons, if ſhe haue all theſe qualities, to be chaſt, obedient, and ſilent: yet for that ſhe is a woman, ſhalt thou find in her ſufficient vanity to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my ſonnes, euen now take theſe my laſt words as my lateſt Legacie, for my thread is ſpun, and my fat is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counſels, and let them be lodged in the ſecret of your hearts: for wiſedome is better then wealth, & a golden ſentence worth a worlde of treaſure. In my fall, ſee my ſonnes, the follie of man, that being duſt climbeth with Briareus, to reach at the heauens, & readie euery minute to die, yet hopeth for an age of pleaſures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flaſh, and the longeſt day of his yeares but a bauens blaze. Seeing then man is ſo mortall, be carefull that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honors: ſo ſhalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my ſons, leſt you ſhould forget your fathers axioms, take this ſcroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute liuing. At this he ſhrunke downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghoſt.

Iohn of Burdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his ſonnes, & bewailed of his friends, eſpecially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great ſolemnitie. His obſequies done, Saladine cauſed, neere his epitaph, the contents of the ſcrowle to be purtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the ſcedule which ſir Iohn of Burdeaux gaue his ſonnes.

MY ſonnes, behold what portion I doe giue,
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly loſt:

I leaue

I leaue aduiſe, to ſchoole you how to liue,
I leaue you wit, but won with little coſt:
But keepe it well: for councel ſtill is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choiſe of thrift, let honour be your gaine,
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In dooing good, eſteeme thy trouble no paine,
Protect the fatherles, and widowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Country and thy King,
For why? this thrift will proue a bleſſed thing.

In choiſe of wife prefer the modeſt chaſt,
Lillies are faire in ſhew, but foule in ſmell:
The ſweeteſt lookes by age are ſoone defaſt,
Then chuſe thy wife by wit, and liuing well,
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,
Preſents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choiſe of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may ſhroud a ſubtill heart:
The Syrens teares, doe threaten mickle griefe,
Foreſee my ſonnes, for feare of ſodaine ſmart,
Chuſe in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.

Learne with the Ant in ſummer to prouide,
Driue with the Bee, the Droane from out the hiue:
Build like the Swallow, in the ſummer tide,
Spare not too much (my ſonnes) but ſparing thriue,
Be poore in folly, rich in all but ſinne:
So by your death, your glory ſhall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus ſet vp the Scroule, and hangd about his fathers hearſe many paſſionate poems, that France might ſuppoſe him to be paſſing ſorrowful, clad himſelfe & his brothers all in black, and in ſuch ſable ſutes diſcouered his griefe: but as the Hiena when ſhe mourns is moſt guileſull, ſo Saladine, vnder the ſhew of griefe,

shadoweth her heart full of contented thoughts. The tyger though he hide his claws, wil at last discouer his rapine, the Lions looks are not ỹ maps of his meaning, nor a mans physnomy is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so conceald, but at last it will haue his course, nature and Art may do much, but that *natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingraffed in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse: *Naturam expellas furca licet, vsque recurret.*

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than to himselfe, (that Roiader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition,) that as yet were not come to yéeres, and he being their gardian might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hauocke of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SAladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restles passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenor of thy fathers testament, and thy hart fired with the hope of present preferment? by the one thou art counseld to content thée with thy fortunes: by the other perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great royalty, & there is no sweéter phisick thã store. Auicen like a fole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most pretious restorative, & that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the mind. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thée from coueting without honor, and climing without vertue? did he not forbid thée to aime at any action that should not be honorable? and what will be more preiudiciall to thy credite, then the careléss ruine of thy brothers prosperity? and wilt thou become the subuersion of their fortunes? is there any sweéter thing than concord, or a more precious iewel than amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one trée, birds of one nest? and wilt thou become so vnnaturall, as to rob thẽ, thou shouldest relieue? No Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy conscience cléere, and thy re-

nowne

nowne excellent. Tush, what words [illegible] these, base sole: far unfit (if thou be wise) for thy honor. What though thy father at his death talked many friuolous matters, as one that doated for age, and raued in his sicknes, shall his words be Axioms, and his talke be so authenticall, as thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice thy selfe? No, no, Saladine, sick mens wills that are parol, hauing no hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of euery wind. What man thy father is dead, and he can neither help thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore bury his words with his carkas, and be wise for thy selfe: what, tis not so old as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.* Thy brother is yong, kéepe him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thy selfe: for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, suppresse his wits with a base estate, and though he be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nurture: so shalt thou kéepe him a slaue, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord ouer all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandine thy middle brother, he is a scholler, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen, while thou rifflest with gold, and poare on his booke whiles thou purchasest lands: wit is great wealth, if he haue learning, it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humor was Saladine, making his brother Rosader his foot boy, for the space of two or thrée yéeres, kéeping him in such seruile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any country vassall. The yong gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider, how he was the sonne of Iohn of Burdeaux, a knight renowmed in many victories, and a gentleman famoused for his vertues, who contrary to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret slauery, as he might not attaine to any honorable actions. Alas said he to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnaturall drudgery? wert not better, either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to liue a foot boy to mine owne brother: nature hath lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denyes me Art to contem-

plate. I haue strength to performe any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my vertuous indeuors: those good parts that God hath bestowed vpon mee, the enuy of my brother doth smother vp in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting vp his hand, he felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himselfe, he would be no more subiect to such slauery. As thus he was ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirra (quoth he) is your mind on your halfpeny? or are you saying a dirge for your fathers sonle what, is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his head askance, and bending his brows as if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eies full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for thy cates: aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office, I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou feld my woods, spoyld my mannor houses, and made hauock of such vtensils, as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladine, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemie.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore take him vp thus shortly. What sirra, I see early pricks the tree that will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a head strong colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and bind him, and then I will giue him a cooling card for his choler. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he layd such load vpō his brothers men, that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, & with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safety, and take him to a loft adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him

thus,

thus. Rosader be not so [illegible] I am thy brother and thine elder, & if I haue done thée wroug Ile make thée amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, look not so sowrely, I know wee shall be friends, and better friends then we haue bin. For, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the choler of Rosader, (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother he would offer him no preiudice: whereupon Saladine came downe and after a little parley, they imbraced each other and became friends, and Saladine promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what fauor else, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe. Vpon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of Tournament to busie his Cōmons heads, least being idle, their thoughts should run vpon serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King: a Champion there was to stand against all commers, a Normane, a man of tall stature & of great strength, so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not only ouerthrowing thē which he encountred, but often with the weight of his body killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, & procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes, he should neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for little gods, tooke the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus tied the Champion to his villanous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hée went to yong Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gased no lower then vertue commanded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and wrastling, how the king should be there,

and

and all the chiefe Péeres of France, with all the beautifull damosels of the countrey: now brother quoth he, for the honor of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approued in chyualry, shew thy resolution to be peremptory. For my selfe, thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any déeds of Armes, I am vngest to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how to suruey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandine he is at Paris, poring on a few papers, hauing more insight into sophistry & principals of Philosophy, then any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the vngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest do what honour allowes thée: take thou thy fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thée to the Tournament, & either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activity. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a frée horse, for he had scarce vttered thē, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his curtesy. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, & Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that he passed the night with little sléepe: but assone as Phœbus had vailed the Curtain of the night, and made Aurora blush, with giuing her the bezo las labras in her siluer Couch, he gat him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile tenne leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney, to Tarismond the King of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King, that liued as an outlaw in the forrest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to kéepe the French busied with all sports, that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tornament, whereunto he in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelue péeres of France, who rather for feare then loue, graced him with the shew of their dutiful fauours. To féede their eyes, & to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glistering obiects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull Damosels that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and warre triumph in a simpathy, such

such as were martiall, might vse their Launce to be renowned for the excellency of their Chiualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gasing on the beauties of most beautifly creatures. As euerie mans eye hath his seuerall survey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her chéekes there séemed a battell betwéene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that glorified Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hils of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant die, as the Vermillion flourisht on the siluer hue of Rosalyndes countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the welthy couert of the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauor and disdaine, curteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorits, and Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire folded in a Call of gold, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haires it séemed Loue had layd her selfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I néede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, shée was the Paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind sate (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, and made the Caualiers cracke their Launces with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen according to their seuerall deserts: at last, when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling began, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when he aduanst himselfe against Achelaus, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any déede of actiuitie, till at last a lustie Francklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes of good liniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these doing obeysance to the King, entred the List, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediatly coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the yonger brother séeing, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

man with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knées, which repulst so the Norman, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so earnestly to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes, he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his daies with his Brother. At this vnlookt-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pitty, but the Franklins Father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader, and saw this Tragedie, who noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted off from his Horse, and presently sate downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this Champion: béeing furnisht as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, and said thus: Bold yeoman, whose sonnes haue ended the terme of their déeres with honour, for that I sée thou corn'st Fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while, and eyther sée mée make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph: The Francklin séeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader vailed bonet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye vpon the troope of Ladies, that glistered like the starres of heauen, but at last, Loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beautie so inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fed his lookes on the fauour of Rosalinds face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellencie, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman séeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, drawe him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had béene wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all, by the furie of his countenance, that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the swétnes of his visage,

with

with a generall applause of fauours, they grieued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base a action: but seeing it were to his dishonor to hinder him from his enterprize, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his Memento by the Norman, hee roughly clapt him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell on the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde, by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which conjecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death hee might recouer the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while hee breathed was not idle, but still cast an eye vpon Rosalind, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glaunce of Rosalind so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, he ran vppon him and brained him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combate, hard to iudge on whose side Fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to mind the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yéelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Péeres into a great admiration, that so yong yeres, and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the yongest sonne of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, the King rose from his seate and imbraced him, and the Péeres intreated him with all fauourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughtie déedes, that he might attaine to the glory of his Fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their lookes, especially Rosalind, whom the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

feared not to dally in the flame, and to make *Rosader* know shee affected him, tooke from her necke a Jewel, and sent it by a Page to the yong Gentleman. The prize that *Venus* gaue to *Paris*, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this gaine was to *Rosader*: for if Fortune had sworne to make himselfe sole monarch of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, then haue lost the iewell sent him by *Rosalind*. To requite her with the like he was vnfurnished, yet that he might more than in his lookes discouer his affection, he stept into a Tent, and taking pen and paper, writ his fancie:

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heau'n there shin'de,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with Roses,
Pure locks more golden then is gold refin'de,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride encloses.
Two mounts, faire marble-white, downe-soft, and daintie,
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart and body fainty:
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure.
In lines confusde my luckleſſe harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow cloudes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This Sonet he sent to *Rosalind*, which when she read, shee blusht, but with a sweet content, in that shee perceiued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leauing her to her new entertained fancies: againe to *Rosader*, who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troope of young gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother *Saladines*, who was walking before ỹ gates, to heare what successe his brother *Rosader* should haue, assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising how with dissimuled sorrow to celebrate his funerals: as he was in this thought, he cast vp his eye, and saw where *Rosader* returned with the garland on his head, as hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crue of bonne companions: grieued at this, he stept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, & not looking for such vnkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this on a malicious intent or nigardize, but beeing brought vp in the Country, he absented himselfe, as not finding his nature

fit for such youthfull companie. Thus hee sought to shadow abuses profered by his Brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ranne his foote against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the hall, where he found none, for all were fled, but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had béene an old and trustie seruant of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux: hée for the loue he bare to his deceased maister, fauored the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainmẽt as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, séeing the Hall emptie, said: Gentlemen you are welcome, frolicke, and be merry, you shall be sure to haue wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Caualiers, my Brother hath in his house fiue tunne of Wine, and as long as that lasteth I beshrew him that spareth his liquor. With that he burst open the Butterie doore, and with the help of Adam Spencer, couered the tables, and set downe whatsoeuer hee could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meate, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall chéere, and withall, such hartie welcome, as would haue made the coursest meates séeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolicked it twise or thrise with an vpsey freeze, they all toke their leaue of Rosader, and departed. Assone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be reuenged of the discurteous Saladine, yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, and put vp all forepassed iniuries with a peaceable agrément, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not only reioyce the seruants, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath, till fitter opportunity, he shewed himselfe a great fauourer of his brothers vertuous indeuours: where leauing them in this happie league, let vs returne to Rosalind.

Rosalind returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitary, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, stroke her so deep, as she felt herselfe grow passing passionate, she began to call to minde the comelinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by printing in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when shée cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrinke, and fancie to vaile bonet, that betweene a Chaos of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

Rosalinds passion.

Vnfortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more then thy yeres, and whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of enuy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the vnhappy daughter of a king detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares wait vpon a crowne? what griefes are incident to dignitie? what sorrowes haunt royall Palaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of all trées the Cedars soonest shake with the wind: small currents are euer calme, low vallies not scorcht in any lightning, nor base men tied to any balefull prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouertie, it is with her héele, rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enuying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou béen borne low, thou hadst not caine so hie, and yet béeing great of blood, thine honor is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates vnwilling to haue me any waies happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind? becomes it women in distresse to thinke on loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assome hitting a rag as a robe, and piercing assome the bosome of a captiue, as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for béeing euery way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ouergrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man euery way absolute, as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beautie, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy pre-

sent

sent estate, thou art poore, and without patrimony, and yet the daughter of a Prince, be a yonger brother, and voyd of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by lookes: that womens eares are soner content with a pound of giue me, then a dram of heare me, that gold is swéeter then eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuell: that Venus coffers should be euer full. Then Rosalind seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thée what method is to be vsed in loue.

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush Rosalind, be not ouer rash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such a one as may with his lands purchase thee liberty, or else loue not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

Why Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbor such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more then honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalind, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions, taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

Rosalinds Madrigall.

LOue in my bosome like a Bee,
doth suck his sweete:
Now with his wings he plaies with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will ye?
And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
with prettie flight,

And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke plaies, if so I sing,
He lends me euery louely thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting,
Whilst wanton still yee,
Else I with Roses euery day
will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainesay me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be,
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the péeres of France, who were enamored at her beauty: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his préiudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossomes, hée thought to banish her from the Court; for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of fauor, that it pleades pittie in the eye of euery man, her beautie is so heauenly and diuine, that shée will prooue to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Péeres will aime at her loue, end the mariage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdome. To preuent bad-I-wist in all these actions, she tarries not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else

seeke

seeke other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full of wrath he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynd, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared her selfe; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords pleade for Rosalynd, although her beautie had made some of thē passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda who loued her more then herselfe, with griefe in hart & teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knées, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of Rosalynd.

IF mightie Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnes: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalynd and I haue beene fostered vp from our infancies, & nursed vnder the harbor of our conuersing together with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the simpathy of our affections such a secret loue, that wee haue two bodies and one soule. Then maruaile not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes: for her vertuous and honorable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge loue, and race out suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nurture, not in worde vttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I neede not to descipher, only it rests for me to conclude in one word that she is innocent. If then fortune, who triumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended Stratagem) to taynt Rosalynd with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by

witnesses:

witnesses: which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacre. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, vse iustice my Lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her liue in your wonted fauor: for if you banish her, my selfe as a copartner of her hard fortunes will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, & checkt her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that onely were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth hee) hath my lookes made thee so light of tongue, or my fauours incouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou dareste presume to preach after thy Father? Hath not my yeeres more experience then thy youth, and the winter of my age deeper insight into ciuill policie, then the prime of thy flourishing daies? The old Lion auoides the toiles, where the young one leaps into the net: the care of age is prouident, and foreseers much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holds his enemie in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy hart loues, thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest, that in liking Rosalynd, thou hatchest vp a bird to peck out thine owne eies, thou wouldest intreat as much for her absence, as thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit downe huswife, and fall to your needle, if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so malapert, I can quickly tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maid) this night be packing either into Arden to your father, or whether best it shall content your humor, but in the court you shall not abide.

This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her Father (if his censure might not be reuerst) that hee would appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refused, either she would by some secret meanes steale out and follow her, or els end her daies with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his hart was so hardned against her, that hee set downe a definitiue and peremptorie sentence, that they should both bee banished: which presently was done. The Tyrant rather chusing to hazard the losse of his only child, then any waies to put in question the state of his kingdome, so suspitious and fearefull is the conscience of an vsurper. Well, though his Lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reuerst, but both of them

must

must away from the Court, without either more company, or delay. In he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone: Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept, *Alinda* she smiled, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed *Rosalynd*.

WHy how now Rosalynd, dismaide with a frowne of contrary fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say, that high minds were discouered in fortunes contempt, and heroicall scene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salue for miserie was patience, and the onely medicine for want, the precious implaster of content: being such a good Philitian to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease, can finde in themselues, neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsell of a friend, and apply the salues that may appeale thy passions. If thou grieuest that being the Daughter of a Prince, that enuie thwarts thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that crownes haue crosses, when mirth is in cottages: they say the fayrer the Rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers, the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honor, so it hath much enuie. If then fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalind, for first by thine exile thou gotst to thy Father: nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of our Parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Rosalynd grieue at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice, proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (madde lasse) to be melancholie, when thou hast with thee *Alinda* a friend, who will bee a faithfull copartner of al thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, & chuseth rather to brooke al extremities thē to forsake thy presence. What Rosalind,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Cheerely woman, as we haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellow mates in pouertie: I will euer be thy *Alinda*, and thou shalt euer rest to me Rosalynd, so shall the world canonize our friendship,

and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweet of our friendship, wee shall merily say (calling to minde our forepassed miseries:)

Olim hæc meminisse iuuabit.

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hartie thanks, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women wēt wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a suddaine shift to preuent a mis-fortune: I, thou seest am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a page, thou shalt be my Mistresse, & I will play the man so properly, that (trust mee) in what company so euer I come I will not be discouered. I will buy mee a suite, and haue a rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered vp all their iewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, and Rosalynd in al hast prouided her of robes: and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they trauailed along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies, at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauailed for the space of two or three daies without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrowes. Now the blacke Ore beganne to tread on their heele, and Alynda thought of her wonted royaltie, but when shee cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euery danger a step to honour.

Passing thus on along about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunningly and curtoustie planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an Arbor. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merily as if they had beene in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing, that they could not so much as meete with a Shepheard to discouer thē the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye, espied where on a tree was engrauen certaine verses, which allone as hee espyed, hee

cried

cried out, bee of good cheere mistresse, I spy the figures of men, for here in these trées be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite heere about. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barke of a Pine tree, this passion.

Montanus Passion.

HAdst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold,
Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:
Had I complaind vnto a marble stone,
Or to the floods bewraid my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe,
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whilst heauen did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe,
Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,
Hadst pretty lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Mirrhas* teares,
Or by my teares to pierce repining eares:
Hadst thou the hart to smile at my complaint,
To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe,
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,
And seeming sowre thy sorrowes thee assailes:
yon small reliefe,
For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard:
And if thou please, my sute shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed Shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of waxe, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glorie to seeme coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine, and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you

ſée it painted out in the Shepheards paſſions, who found his miſtris as froward as he was enamored. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt Women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne neſt? Beware (Ganimede) that Roſader heare you not, if he do, perchaunce you will make him leape ſo farre from loue, that he will anger euery veine in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum. I ſpeake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Geriſmonds Daughter: for put me but in a petticoate, and I will ſtand in defiance to the vttermoſt, that women are curteous, conſtant, vertuous, and what not? Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more, for yonder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Béech trée: let vs ſée quoth Ganimede, and with that they read a fancie written to this effect.

First ſhall the heauens want ſtarrie light,
The ſeas be robbed of their waues;
The day want Sunne, & ſunne want bright:
The night want ſhade, the dead men graues,
The Aprill flowers, and leafe, and tree,
Before I falſe my faith to thee.

First ſhall the tops of higheſt hils,
By humble plaines be ouerpride,
And Poets ſcorne the Muſes quils,
And fiſh forſake the water glide,
And *Iris* loſe her coloured weede,
Before I faile thee at thy neede.

First direfull hate ſhall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe diſdaine,
And death his fatall ſtroke ſhall ceaſe,
And enuie pittie euerie paine,
And pleaſure mourne, and ſorrow ſmile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First Time ſhall ſtay his ſtaileſſe race,
And winter bleſſe his browes with corne,
And ſnow bemoiſten Iulies face,
And winter ſpring, and ſummer mourne,
Before my penne by helpe of fame,
Ceaſe to recite thy ſacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this proteſtation grew from one full of paſſions. I am of that mind too (quoth *Aliena*) but ſée I pray, when poore women ſéeke to keep themſelues chaſte, how men woo thē with many fained promiſes, alluring with ſweet words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothleſſe as Æneas. Thus promiſed Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at laſt grew more falſe? The reaſon was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens ſonnes, and toke the fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer béene troubled with inconſtancie. Leaue off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perſwade me to flatterie, and that needs not: but come, ſeeing we haue found héere by this Fount, the traet of Shepheards by their Madrigals, and Roundelayes, let vs forward, for either we ſhal find ſome folde, Sheepcoats or elſe ſome cottage, wherein for a day or two to reſt. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they roſe vp, and marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a faire valley compaſſed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleaſant ſhrubs, they might deſcry where two flocks of ſheepe did feede.

Then loking about, they might perceiue where an olde Shepheard ſate, and with him a young ſwaine, vnder a couert moſt pleaſantly ſcituated. The ground where they ſate was diapred with Floraſ riches, as ſhee meant to wrappe Tellus in the glory of her veſtments: round about in forme of an Amphitheator, were moſt curiouſlie planted Pine trées, interſeamed with Limons, and Citrons,

which

which with the thicknes of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not pry into the secret of that Arbor, so united were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there in her iollity, haue dallied vnseene with her deerest paramor: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so christaline and clére, that it séemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemidriades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour sate these two Shepheards, séeing their sheepe feede, playing on their pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into such amorous chat, drawing more nigh, we might descrie the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing hee seemed to die: we (to sée what these two were) stole priuily behind the thick, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

SAy shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,
Why leaues thy pype his pleasure and delight?
Young are thy yeeres, thy cheekes with Roses dight,
Then sing for ioy (sweet swayne) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeete is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my icopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull hart,
And though his furie doe inforce my smart,
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

Prepard

Preparde to woes since so my *Phœbe* wills,
My lookes dismaid since *Phœbe* will disdaine:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine,
So streames my teares as showers from Alpine hills.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.

Deuoide of rest companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am reft of solace and delight?

Coridon.

Ah lorrel Lad, what makes thee herry loue,
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:
A painted shrine fulfil'd with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still want,
A broken staffe which follie doth vphold:
A flower that fades with euery frostie cold,
An orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe,
A subtill net to snare the ydle minde:
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thee *Montanus* follow mine areede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy vseth:
Leaue foolish loue, for beauty wit abuseth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus

So blames the child the flame, because it burnes,
And bird the snare, because it doth entrap:

And fooles true loue, becauſe of ſorry hap,
And ſailers curſe the ſhip that ouerturnes.

But would the child forbeare to play with flame,
And birds beware to truſt the foulers gin:
And fooles foreſee before they fall and ſin,
And maiſters guide their ſhips in better frame,

The child would praiſe the fire becauſe it warmes,
And birds reioyce to ſee the fouler faile:
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile,
And ſailers bleſſe the barkes that ſaue from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeeres,
And crooked olde hath ſome experience left:
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whoſe power in me appeares.

The Plough-man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skils to guide the Plough-mans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of art,
Nor baſe men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impreſsion)
Diſcourſe of that, whoſe choiſe poſſeſſion,
May neuer to ſo baſe a man be tied.

But I (whome nature makes of tender molde,
And youth moſt pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my hauen and heauen on ſweet deſire:
On ſweet deſire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aſpire!
Haſt thou the Muſes to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaſte and holy fire.

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne:
Amaz'd I read the stile when I haue done,
And herry loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts, I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the nimph that yeelds me louesick paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, who froward wil,
Guides in the Labyrinth of restlesse loue,
Feare lends them pasture whereso're they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth still.

My sheepe-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reede,
My paper, where my many woes are writtен:
Thus sillie swaine (with loue and fancy bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in wofull weede.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for Phœbe sweet to me:
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweet,
So willeth loue, and Phœbe thinkes it meete,
And kinde *Montanus* liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh stayelesse youth, by error so misguided,
Where will prescribet h lawes to perfect wits,

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poiſneth all that time prouided.

With wilfull blindneſſe bleard, prepard ro ſhame,
Prone to neglect occaſion when ſhe ſmiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endleſſe blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) curſed is the charme,
That hath bewitched ſo thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time to like theſe vanities,
Be forward to thy good, flie thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* dailie ſhields,
As many frie as fleete on Ocean face,
As many heards as one the earth doth trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many ſtarres as glorious heauen containes,
As many ſtormes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell in cloſed keepes:
So many griefes in loue, ſo many paines.

Suſpition, thoughts, deſires, opinions, prayers,
Miſlikes, miſdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illuſions, dreames, great paines, and ſmall increaſe,
Vowes, hope acceptance, ſcornes, & deep deſpaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time loſt, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,
And laſt, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for ſeruice, ſhame: for friendſhip, hate.

Montanus.

All Adder-like I ſtopp mine eares (fond ſwaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that ſtragling range,
For lo, the ſunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia: injuria, inimicitiæ, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri, nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam. vt cum ratione insanias.

The Shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket: at whose suddaine sight the Shepheards rose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and louers good luck, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes beeing witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbor (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankful to you, contented in my selfe, & gratefull to whomsoeuer shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speak so curteously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answere.

Faire Mistris, wee returne you as hartie welcome as you gaue vs a curteous salute. A Shepheard I am, and this a louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: full of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But, leauing him to his passions, if you bee distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: mary if you want lodging, if you vouchsafe to shroud your selues in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall bee your harbor. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sat her downe, and Ganimede by her. Coridon loking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pittying her distresse, was desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renewe your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

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Suspition, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hope acceptance, scornes, & deep despaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship, hate.

Montanus.

All Adder-like I stopp mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that straglingrange,
For lo, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

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If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renewe your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

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(that was as curteous as shée was faire) made this reply? Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought neuer to bee offensiue, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes, were to renew my sorrows, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a Shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the Swaines say, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Mary mistris quoth (Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time, for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Heere mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane missortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeere may mend all with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wée exceede not in diet, so wee haue enough to satisfie: and Mistresse, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit.*

By my truth shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with thy Country life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder mee, bée ouer seer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, leade the flocks to the field, and fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should neuer bée put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the cruelty of his Phœbe, whom he woed long, but was in hope to winne, Ganimede, who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when she had noted

his

his teares that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his hart, pittying his lament, shee demaunded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer loue, else shouldst not thou see mee so pensiue. Loue I tell thee, is as precious in a shepheards eye, as in the lookes of a King, and we country swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheards then higher degrees. Then aske not if such sillie swaines can loue. What is the cause then quoth Ganimede that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the partie beloued is froward: and hauing curtesie in her looks, holdeth disdaine in her tongues end. What hath she then (quoth *Aliena*) in hart? desire I hope Madam (quoth he) or else my hope is lost, dispaire in loue were death. As thus they chatted, the sunne being ready to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested shee would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe, quoth *Aliena*, but first I will intreat Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet, that he made when he had beene deepely passionat. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus.

Montanus.

Phœbe sate,
Sweet she sate:
Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her.
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow & eye how much you please me.
Words I spent,
Sighes I sente:
Sighs and words could neuer draw her.
Oh my loue,
Thou art lost:
Since no sight could euer ease thee.

Phœbe

Phœbe ſate,
By a fount:
Sitting by a fount I ſpide her.
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice;
Touch and voyce, what may diſtaine you?
As ſhe ſung,
I did ſigh:
And by ſighs whilſt I tride her.
Oh mine eyes,
You did looſe:
Her firſt ſight whoſe want did paine you.

Phœbes flockes,
White as wooll?
Yet were Phœbes lookes more whiter.
Phœbes eyes
Doue-like milde:
Doue-like eyes, both milde and cruell.
Montan ſweares
In your lap,
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe yeeld,
Or I die,
Shall true harts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no ſoner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curteſie roſe vp, and went with his fellow, and ſhut their ſheepe in the ſolds: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue: hée reſoluing Aliena that Phœbe was the faireſt Shepheardeſſe in all France, and that in his eye, her beauty was equall to the Nimphes.

But quoth hee, as of all ſtones, the Diamond is moſt cleereſt, and yet moſt hard for the Lapidarie to cut, as of all flowers the roſe is the faireſt, and yet guarded with the ſharpeſt prickles: ſo of all our countrie Laſſes Phœbe is the brighteſt, but the moſt coy of all to ſtoope vnto deſire. But let her take héed quoth he, I haue heard of Narciſſus,

who

who for his high disdaine against loue, perished in the folly of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganymede glad of so contented a shelter, made merie with the poore Swaine, and though they had but Country fare, and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bedde, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauell: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda resolued there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon, swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became a Mistresse of the farme and of the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: euerie day leading forth her flocks, with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the Shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flare, nor Oyle in the flame: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early, he cald vp certaine of his seruans, and went with them to the Chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when hee was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his Hall, chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this suddaine extremitie, wherein he had wronged, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine aunswered him onely with a looke of disdaine, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity, Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of release could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholie. In which humour he continued two or three dayes without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no foode hee fell into dispaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde Seruaunt of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the duties and loue he had to his old Maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap. And therefore although Saladine had giuen a generall charge to his seruaunts, that none of them vpon paine of death, should

giue either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as hee could provide, and vnlockt him, and set him at libertie.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt hee was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being asleepe) he would haue quit Saladine with the method of his owne mischiefe: but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrarie with these reasons: Sir (quoth he) be content, for this night goe againe to your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and saue the life of an olde seruant. To morrow hath your brother inuited all your kindred and allies to a solemne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faint to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, *sicco pede*, and bold with the violence of your brother before your innocencie, then thus. I will leaue you vnlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall shall you see stand a coople of good pollaxes, one for you, and another for mee. When I giue you a winke, shake off your chaines, and let vs play the men and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King haue made a redresse of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that hee went to the place of his punishment, and stoode there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guestes bidden by Saladine, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious intertainment, as they all perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered, and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewed thē where his brother was bound, and was inchaind as a man lunatike. Rosader made reply, and with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Vlysses, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed onely his passions to ỹ wind. They careleſſe sate downe with Saladine to dinner, beeing verie frolike and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered pel-mell into their braines, they began in satyrical speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines,

got

got a pollaxe in his hand, and slew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and draue his brother, and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, hee shut the doore, and beeing sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, hee sate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as hee knew were honest men, and there seasted themselues with such prouision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired vp the house, least vppon a sodaine his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprize them vnawares. But Saladine tooke a contrarie course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fiue and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to cope him in till he made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, hee went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Newes of this was brought to Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt all the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As hee walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladine and he drew neere, with a troope of luskie gallants. At this he smild, & called Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shall I doe? It rests in me, either to yeeld vp the house to my brother, and seeke a reconcilement, or else issue out, and breake through the companie with courage: for kept in like a coward, I will not be. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauor me, and that I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I bee slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so vnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then maister forward, and feare not, out amongst them, they be but faint hearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These words cheered vp so the heart of young Rosader, that hee thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlookt for, leapt out, and all

assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the preasse in dispight of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raised all the countrey, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secrete wayes that led through the Vineyards, stole away priuily through the Prouince of Bordeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euerie obiect, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them mirrors of mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-wayes to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandered 5. or 6. dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being old) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes,

Adam Spencers speech.

OH how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few so are they momentarie, scarse ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to discipher thy inconstancie: Thou standest vpon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist euer be restlesse: thou art double faced like Ianus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou proffrest an eele, and performest a Scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extreamest mis-

for-

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dooſt thou exclaime against fortune? ſhe laughes at the plaints of the diſtreſſed: and there is nothing more pleaſing to her, then to heare fooles boaſt in her fading allurements, or ſorowfull men to diſcouer the ſowre of their paſſions. Glut her not Adam then with contrat but thwart her with brooking all miſhaps with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, then with a reſolute courage to paſſe ouer her croſſes without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haires ware white, the Palme tree is already full of bloomes and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death. Wert thou bleſſed by fortune, thy yeares could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then ſith nature muſt haue her due, what is it for thee to reſigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor doe I care what miſhaps fortune can wage againſt me: but the ſight of Roſader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worſhips of his houſe, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himſelfe: then doe I ſay, that fortune and fates are moſt iniurious, to cenſure ſo hard extreames, againſt a youth of ſo great hope. Oh Roſader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeares, buſome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her fauors, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniuſt ſtars, to haue all theſe good parts nipt in the blade, and blemiſht by the inconſtancie of fortune: Ah Roſader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the leſſe, and happie ſhould my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but ſeeing wee periſh both in one extreame it is a double ſorow. What ſhall I doe? preuent the ſight of his further miſfortune, with a preſent diſpatch of mine owne life. Ah, deſpaire is a mercileſſe ſinne.

As he was readie to goe forward in his paſſion, he looked earneſtly on Roſader, and ſeeing him change colour, hee roſe vp and went to him, and holding his temples, ſaid: what cheere maiſter? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is ſhewed in the reſolution of his death. At theſe words Roſader lifted vp his eyes and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weepe. Ah Adam quoth he I ſorow not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemie, and ſo die in the field, it were honor, and content: might I (Adam) combat with ſome wilde

beast, & perish as his pray: I were satisfied, but to die with hunger: Oh Adam, it is the extremest of all extreames. Maister (quoth hee) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate: seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preserue the life of the other, I am old, and ouer-worne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours, let mee then die, I will presently cut my veynes: and maister, with the warme blood, relieue your fainting spirits, suck on that till I end, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his knife: when Rosader full of courage, though verie faint, rose vp, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my mind giues me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either hee might carrie his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltie. It hapned that day, that Gerismond the lawfull King of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crew of outlawes liued in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men, hauing store of that, for want of which hee and Adam perished, he crept boldly to the bowes end, and saluted the company thus.

What soeuer thou be that art maister of these lustie squires, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may: know me that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must, vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are euery way worthie of life, let the proudest Squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with mee in any honorable point of actiuitie whatsoeuer, and if hee and thou proue me not a man, send mee away comfortlesse, If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie, that rising from the table, hee tooke him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitte downe in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as

Lord of the feast. Gramercie sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lyes heere by famished almost for foode, aged, and therfore lesse able to abide the extreamitie of hunger then my selfe, & dishonor it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer, Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, & tels him the newes, who was gladde of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go: whereupon Rosader got him vppon his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship: and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry soules fell to their victuals, and feasted themselues with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way prejudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell. Rosader desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauourable Host, first beginning his exordium with a volée of sighs, and a few wilde-warm teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him from point to point all his fortunes, how hee was the youngest sonne of sir Iohn of Burdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundrie times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the sheriffe, and hurting his men hee fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I doe much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had euer beene betwixt his Father sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, & how honourably he died: promising for his sake, to giue both him and his friend such curteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his Foresters.

Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reuerence, & humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if he had beene lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether hee had seene his daughter Rosalind or no. At this

Rosader

Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirites together, hee reuealed to the King how Rosalind was banished, and how there was such a sympathie of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that she chose rather to bee partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both: and now they are wandred, none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes draue the King into a great melancholie, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuie chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The companie was all daunt at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest: Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lands of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuennes, found suit occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, hee sent for Saladine in all post hast, who marualling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocencie, hee boldly went with the Herault vnto the Court. Where assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Iayler had streight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe and disquieted passions, he resolued into these tearmes.

Saladines complaint.

VNhappy Saladine, whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, & wanton desires wrapt within the Labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the Heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were lond, so were they foule: and not onely discouering little nurture, but blemishing the excellencie of nature: Whelpes of one litter are euer most louing

touing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, so it should bee: but thou hast with the Déere, fedde against the wind, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and sought to preuent nature by vnkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladine) cryes for reuenge, his youth pleades to GOD to inflict some penance vpon thée, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of displeasure to crosse thee: Thou hast highly abused thy kinde and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quitte thee of punishment. There is no sting to the worme of cōscience, no hel to a mind touched with gilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a droppe of blood from my heart: euery badde looke, euerie frowne pincheth mee at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death, entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladine made aunswere, that vpon some riot made against the Sheriffe of the shire. hée was fledde from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay villaine (quoth hée) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother, since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thée, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Country of France, and see thy departure be within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt loose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and pennance of his former follies, to trauaile abroade in euery Coast, till hée had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I do begin.

Rosader béeing thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnesse by continuall exercise, trauersing the groaues and wild Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the swéet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent endeuour in his maisters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hee did, or howsoeuer hee walked, the liuely image of Rosalynd remained in memorie: on her swéet perfections he fedde his thoughts prooving himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

 knowne

knowne by beholding the sunne, so was hee by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie and place conuenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the woods, hee ingraued with his knife in the barke of a Pyrre tree, this prettie estimate of his mistris perfection

Sonetto.

Of all chaste birds the Phœnix doth excell.
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell:
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides my *Rosalind* is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my mistris best,
Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth *Ioue*,
Of prettie foules, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees *Minerua* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalind*.

Of all her gifts her wisdome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalind* proue cruell and vnkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did euerie day eternize the name of his Rosalind, and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholie passions: they sawe the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighs: they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalind, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon gessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pittifull in that behalfe, they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede spake him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Forrester: hast thou wounded some Deere, and lost

him

him in the fall: Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skin, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse: & a woodmans fortune to strike, & yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighes discouer more losse: perhaps in trauersing these thickets, hee hath seene some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath newly engrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shrowde all vnder his pages apparell, shee boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions: Is shee some Nimph that waits vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast discyphered in such Epithites: Or is she some shepheardesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shadowest in Court vnder the figure of Rosalynd, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corinna: Or say me forsoth, is it that Rosalynd of whom we shepheards haue heard talke, she (Forrester) that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and said: it is she, O gentle swaine, it is shee, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse, at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuottions, the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that liue, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if shee be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts: Happily shee resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly: So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet vnkind, full of fauour, and yet frowarde: coy without wit, and disdainefull, without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a barbar wherein the Graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldst not breath out such blasphemie against the beauteous Rosalynd. She is a diamond, bright,

but not hard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, and a princesse absolute, as well in beautie, as in vertue, But I, vnhappie I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as shee) disdainfull but farre more chast then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloud. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a starre, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honours are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why forrester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy selfe, bee blith and frolicke man. Loue soweth as low, as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag as soone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparckled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, nor make they curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forester, faint heart never wonne faire Ladie. But where liues Rosalind now, at the Court.

Oh no quoth Rosader, she liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her pittie, the plaint of my passions, hope tels me she would grace me with some fauour: and that would suffice, as recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy mistres excellence, and I know forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast surueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauor to tell mee what her perfections be. That I will quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistresse excellence. And with that hee pulls a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this.

Rosalinds description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe same colours is her haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind.*
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow.

Resembling

Resembling heauen by euery winke:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would he were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
That beautifies *Auroraes* face,
Or like the siluer Crimson shroud,
That *Phœbus* smiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*.
Her eyes are like to budded Roses,
VVhom ranks of Lillies neighbour nigh,
VVithin which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to entice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would she were mine

Her necke is like a stately tower,
VVhere Loue himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces euerie houre,
From her diuine and sacred eies,
Heigh ho, for *Rosalind*,
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breasts are robes of heauenly frame,
VVhere nature molds the dew of light,
To feede perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

VVith orient pearle, with Rubie red,
VVith Marble white, with Saphire blew,
Her bodie euerie way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalynd*.
Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.
Then muse not Nymphs though I bemone,

The absence of faire *Rosalind*,
Since for her faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine,
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine:
Perijt quia deperibat.

Beléeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalind farre aboue wonder: it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle page thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellency inough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede quoth Aliena, it is inough for pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselues. Oh mistresse (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not but that all women haue desire to tie soueraignetie to their petticoates, and ascribe beautie to themselues, where if boyes might but on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely, if not as comely, as curteons. But tell me Forrester, (and with that she turnd to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, said hee, the vnfortunate Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then great men in danger: But hast thou not said shee, (hauing so melancholie opportunities as the forrest affordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy mistris? I haue gentle swain quoth he, but they be not about me, to morow by dawn of ỹ day, if your flocks feed in these pastures I will bring them you: wherin you shall reade my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you reade it: till when, I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night hee resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the Forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beautie: surely it greeues me not a little to see the poore man so pensiue, and you so pittilesse.

Ah Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptorie in your iudgement, I

heare

heare Rosalind praised as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalind I could answere the Forrester: if hée mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalind cannot be faire and vnkind. And so Madame you sée it is time to folde our flockes, or else Coridon will frowne: say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merry as might bée, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but shee poore soule, that had loue her loadstarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but béeing alone began to consider what passionate penance poore Rosader was entoyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last shee fell into this humor with her selfe.

Rosalind passionate alone.

AH Rosalind, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thée vnhappie: for when fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she séekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girle, he is an vnruly guest to harbor: for entring in by intreats, hée will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Dost thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thée in her Labirinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, care, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melodie: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnds where thy flocks feede, Diana haunts: be as her Nymphs, chaste, an enemie to loue: for there is no greater honor to a Maid, then to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonnie wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets feine, but for her chastitie, her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Followe thou her steppes Rosalind, and the rather for that thou art an exile, & banished from the Court, whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would bee renued with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in hast, thou repent thée at leysure. Ah, but yet Rosalind, it is Rosader that courts thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous,

ous, and harboreth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours. and therefore Rosalind stoope to loue, least, beeing either too coy, or too cruell, Venus ware wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true for Charles Wayne was risen in the north. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the poore Rosalind, who was so full of passions, that shee coulde not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Alienne was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to bee pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried vp the pearled dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroade, least the dewe being vnwholsome, they get the rot: but now see I this old prouerbe true, hée is in haste whom the diuell driues, and where loue pricks forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quenght as that of Ætna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractiue of faire seat and retentiue like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, till gazing on the Panthers beautifull skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (qd. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I beeing gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no colour, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend not to coy for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccani*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early

this

this morning. And with that she slipt on her petticoat, and start vp and assone as she had made her readie, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with bagge and bottles to the fielde, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Ironsmond. They came no sooner nie the fields, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep praiers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind. Take heede Forrester step not too farre, the Foord may be deepe, and you slippe ouer the shooes: I tell thee, flies haue their spleene, the ants choller, the least haire shadowe, and the smallest loues great desires. Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer loue, least in louing her that likes thee not, thou folde thy selfe in an endlesse Labyrinth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse and her prettie swaine, in whose company he left the greatest ease of his care he returned them a salute on this manner,

Gentle Shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happie in content. Loue is restlesse, and my bodie is but the cell of my bane, in that I find there busie thoughts, and broken slumbers: heere, (although euery where passionate) I broke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies: when I looke on Floras beautious tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceedes the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phœbus shine puts mee in minde to thinke on the sparkling flames that flewe from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire. The sweete harmonie of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salue my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of euerie obiect to the excellencie of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) so much, that I

haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous as Oenon, I might find as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item, Forrester (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepheardesse fauors you, who is mistris of so many flocks. Leaue off man the suspition of Rosalinds loue, when as snatching at her, you reue beyond the Moone, and cast your lookes vpon my Mistresse, who no doubt is as fayre, though not so royall, one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood: better possesse the loue of Aliena, then catch frinolously at the shadow of Rosalind.

Ile tell thee boy, quoth Rosader, so is my fancie fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy mistris as faire as Læda, or Danae, whom Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is to blame Forrester, if hauing so true a seruant of you, shee rewardeth you not with Rosalind. If Rosalind were more fairer then herselfe.

Leauing this prattle, now Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonets which you said were at home in your Lodge, I haue them about me, quoth Rosader, let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig trees, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They make them watch, & bend themselues to weep,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice.
Yet sith for her they wept who guides my hart.
they weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incenst with loue,
Where *Cupid* bowseth his faire feathered wings,
But I, behold what paines I must approue.
Care drinkes it drie: but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meane

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the windes increase and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force, with greater power doth glow.
Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thriue,
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

Rosader en esperance.

Now surely forrester, quoth Aliena, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearefull, as dispairing of thy mistris fauours, nor to gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes, I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelayes, that euery puling patient poures out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the swéetest bait to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse Labyrinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inkepot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they bée full gordge with pleasures: and then flie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leauing the tame foole their mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some warie wanton, that wants not such a one as themselues, but spies their subtiltie) they end their amors with a fewe fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such (gentle Forrester) wee may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time héere in these woods with writing amorets, then to be deepely enamored (as you say) of your Rosalynd, If you be such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to be most excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a clowd, and haue nothing but a marble mistresse to release your Martyrdome: but if you bee true and trustie, eie-paind and hart-sicke, then accursed bee Rosalynd if shee proue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as shee. Aliena spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to the fist without any call: but Rosader, who

take him flat for a shepheards swaine, made him this answere.

Trust mee Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humor: for mine eies and mine hart are relatiues, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow, If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties nature hath fauoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the gods haue endued her: then wouldst thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had beene Æneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (despight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had béene as beautious, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honorable and excellent as shee: neither had the philbert trée sorrowed in the death of dispairing Phillis, nor the stars haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had béene trustie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see what deepe impressions of her loue, affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in loue? Or els in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine ioyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, dailie griefes, and nightly woes bee found in loue; then is not hee to be accounted patient, that smothers all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore wee hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party that entertaines it: for as the weedes grow longer vntoucht than the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidaries toole: So meane men are freed from Venus iniuries, when kings are inuironed with a labyrinth of cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more pure the Chrisolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their harts full of honour, haue their ioys full of the greatest sorrows. But in whomsoeuer (quoth Rosader) hee fixeth his dart, hee neuer leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath won him to follie or fancie: for as the moone neuer goes without the star Luna sequa, so a

Loue

Louer neuer goeth without the vnrest of his thoughts. For proofe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle Forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

Rosaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,
Loue with his arrows wounds mine eies:
If so I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in euerie flower is found:
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the shades againe:
Wend I to walke in secret groue,
Euen there I meete with sacred Loue:
If so I bathe me in the spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of *Rosalind*,
The God from coynesse waxeth kind:
And seemes in selfe same flame to frie,
Because he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Rosalind* for pittie rue,
For why, then Loue I am more true:
He if he speede will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Mary quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one, I pittie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a Cloude, and loue either without reward, or regarde. 'Tis not forwardnesse (quoth Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue crost mee with her absence: for did she feele my loues, shee would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women as they be faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honorable) the will then the wealth, hauing loyaltie that obiect whereat they aime their fancies. But leauing off these enterparleys, you shall heare my last Sonetto, and then you haue

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shrowd his *Lauraes* prayse,
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect,
Sith mine the faith confirmed at all assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men do respect.
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures.
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me indures.

Thus quoth Rosader, heere is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answere him. Ganimede pittying her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sun was in the meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we shepheardes say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our stomackes are shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader hee should bee her guest. Hee thankt them heartily, and sate with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state would allow them, sawsed with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete then all their Courtly stinkets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thankes for his good cheere, would haue beene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forrester, quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou sayst thou art so deepely in loue, let mee see how thou canst woo, I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art. Rosader, see

in

in some amorous Eglogue how if Rosalind were present, how thou couldest court her, & while we sing of loue, Alienashall tune her Pipe and play vs melodie. Content quoth Rosader. And Aliena, shee to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

¶ The wooing Eglogue betweene Rosalind and Rosader.

Rosader.

I pray thee nimph by all the working words,
By al the teares and sighs that Louers know,
Or what our thoughts or foltering tongue affoords,
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe,
Sweete Rosalind my loue (would God my loue
My life, (would God my life) ay pittie mee,
Thy lips are kind and humble like the Doue,
And but with beautie, pittie will not be.
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though yong in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my dayes befriendeth,
O let no stormie rigor knit thy browes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
The yron yeelds with hammer and with heat.
Oh Rosalind then be thou pittifull,
For Rosalind is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

Loues wantons arme their traitrous suits with teares,
With vowes, with oathes, with lookes with showers of (gold,
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.
Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned baite,
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

The louely lookes, the ſighs that ſtorme ſo ſore,
The dew of deepe diſſembling doubleneſſe:
Theſe may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leanes to wit and ſoothfaſtnes.
Oh *Roſader*, then be thou wittifull,
For *Roſalind* ſcornes fooliſh pittifull,

Roſader.

I pray thee *Roſalind* by thoſe ſweete eyes,
That ſtaine the Sun in ſhine, the Moone in cleare,
By thoſe ſweet cheekes where loue incamped lies,
To kiſſe the Roſes of the ſprnging yeere,
I tempt thee *Roſalind* by ruthfull plaints,
Not ſeaſoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a ſmile,
So may the heauens preſerue from hurtfull fonde
Thy harmleſſe flocks: ſo may the ſummer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy ſheepe (the Citizens of field)
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with ſcorne,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but ſighs and bitter mourne,
The ſpotleſſe fort of fancie to aſſaile.
Oh *Roſalind*, then be thou pittifull.
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Roſalind.

The hardned ſteele by fire is brought in frame,
Roſader. And *Roſalind* my loue not any wooll more ſofter,
And ſhall not ſighs her tender heart inflame?
Roſalind. Where loue is true, maids would beleeue them ofter.
Roſader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.
Roſalind. Faine would I truſt, but yet I dare not trie.
Roſader, Oh pittie me ſweet Nymph, and doe but proue.
Roſalind. I will reſiſt, but yet I know not why:
Roſader. Oh *Roſalind* be kind, for times will change,
Thy lookes aye will be faire as now they be:
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes eſtrange,
Ah yeeld in time ſweet Nymph and pitie me.

Roſalind

Rosalynd. Oh *Rosalynd*, thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosader* is young and beautifull.
Rosader. O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne:
Rosalynd. O trust, betraide if *Rosader* abuse me:
Rosader. First, let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiect quite refuse me:
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower:
And wretchlesse horror hatche within my breast:
Let beauties eies afflict me with a lower:
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,
Ere *Rosalynd* my loyaltie disproue,
Ere *Rosalynd* accuse me for vnkind,
Rosalynd. Then *Rosalynd* will grace thee with her loue,
Then *Rosalynd* will haue thee still in minde,
Rosader. Then let me triumph more then *Tuhans* deare,
Sith *Rosalynd* will *Rosader* respect,
Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,
And frolicke in the comfort of affect,
And say, that *Rosalynd* is onely pittifull,
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When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some good fortunes light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now forrester, haue I not fitted your turne? haue I not plaid the woman handsomly; and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as curteous in distresse, and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, tumpe I not all vp with the sweet vnion of loue? Did not Rosalynd content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle swaine) Rosader hath his Rosalynd, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a Goddesse, onely embraced a cloude: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fedde themselues with Zeuxes painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were glad with Æsopes Cocke to scrape for a barlykernell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistris fauours, doth my

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selfe in my suites, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my fode be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeeres end, shall finde mee but a leane louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe diuine some vnfained end of ensuing fancies. And thereupon quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this day forth Ganimede shal call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so weele haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made vp this iesting match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had woed and won his Rosalynd.

But all was well, hope is a sweet string to harp on, and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry fortunes leysure, till shee may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vnlesse there was some chære, nor that bargaine well made, that was not striken vp with a cup of wine: and therefore she wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banket, and to take a mazer of Wine, and to drinke to his Rosalind, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne wared very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carowse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena broke off thus.

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath bëene partaker of our sports, seeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies, seeing thou hast wonne Rosalynd, when hee could not wowe Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adiew in a cloude. Our sheepe, the poore wantons wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Mary though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and to morrow morning if you meet vs here, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maide as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosader, tis enough for mee in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue:

and

and so till to morrow, you to your folds, and I will to my lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. Hee was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flocks, and taking vp their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say, that what the fates fore point, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sticklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destiny: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurisme bee authenticall, or the Deuines downes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceite of this Eglogue that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding. Tush quoth Ganimede, all is not mault that is cast on the hill, there goes more words to a bargaine then one, loue seeles no footing in the aire, and fancy holds it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his marke: but if Fortune bee his friend, I will not bee his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistris Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that euer leaketh at loue, will now lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will proue more buxome and you more blithe, for the eyes of the maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon where hee came plodding to meete them: who tolde them supper was ready, which newes made them spéede them home. Where we will leaue them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux, and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe, in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the forrest being full of by-paths, and he vnskilfull of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Desert, not farre from the place where Gerismond was and his brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandering vp and downe, & hungry with long fasting, finding a litle cane by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and con-

tenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast fell into a dead sleepe. As he thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for prey, and espying Saladine, begann to seaze vpon him: but seeing hee lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to prey on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing striken a Deere that but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, he espyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as he stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nie, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceiuing by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine, which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a mã perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chance, marualling what should driue his brother to trauerse those secret deserts without any company, in such distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craning no such doubting ambages, for hee must either resolue to hazard his life in his reliefe, or else steale away, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOw Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thée with Nettles, meanes to saine thee with Roses, and hauing crost thée with many frownes, now thee presents thee with the brightnes of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweet reuenge bee wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou séest Saladine, thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigour, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine

ladine shall die, and thou be free of his blood: he receiue amẽde for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy possessions by birth, and his reuenewes by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes altars with Garlands: For when Rosalind heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Thrisecol, that is, euer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Iupiter soonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shal this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare-speare vpon his necke, away he beganne to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very heart, that resting his Boare-speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Burdeaux, whose vertues excéded his valour, and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe? Should the honor of the Father shine in the actions of the Sonne, and wilt thou dishonor thy parentage, in forgetting that Nature of a Gentleman? did not thy father at his last gaspe breath out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that saueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe careless? Oh Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thée, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest, shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beast? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou hast a Brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemie: and more honor shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe, then reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouse himselfe: whereupon Rosader suddainly charged him with the Boare-speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroake. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him such a sore pinch on the breast, that he had

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almost slaine, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux remaind, here couered himselfe, & in short combat slew the Lion, who at his death roared so loude, that Saladine awaked: and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to coniecture that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon, (as a man in a trance) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes. Sir, whatsoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou must néeds be, by the view of thy present valour,) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which tyes me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any waies it please thee to commaund me, vse mee as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknowne to his Brother, wondred to heare such curteous words come from his crabbed Nature, but glad of such reformed nature, hee made this answere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester, and a raunger of these walkes, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hether by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thée, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleep, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might prey vpon thy carkasse. At the first sight I coniectured thee a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to bee fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee, by thy exteriour lineaments, make discouer vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frowne: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Although

Saladines discourse to Rosader vnknowne.

ALthough the discourse of my fortunes be the renuing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound, yet I may not proue vngratefull to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the Sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honors hath reacht further then the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities hauing two Brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golde principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodie into my humane eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, then of vertue, esteeming golde sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if hée might pore on a Booke, while I féede on his reuenewes: and for the yonger, which was my Fathers ioy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sat him down and wept. Nay forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest salue that man can apply to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a gentlemans lookes to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

O sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine eyes, and blood from my hart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yéeres hée aymed all his acts at honor, and coueted rather to die, then to brooke any iniurie vnworthy a gentlemans credite. I whom enuy had made blind, and couetousnesse masked with the belle of selfe-loue, seeing the Palme-tree grow straight, thought to suppresse it being a tinder, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbunkle glistring, and vertue will shine though it be neuer so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slaue, and bred him as one of my seruile Hindes, vntill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could

not

not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour, vntill at last by friendes, and aide of such as followed golde more then right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distressed content. The Gods not able to suffer such impieties vnreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrell against me, in hope to haue my lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in pennance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime-like to seeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy land, to ende my yeeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his Brother Saladine, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery.

Saladine casting by his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held reuenge in scorne. Much adoe there was betweene these two brethren, Saladine in craning pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries, the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature working an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly imbraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King

looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of insuing honours, gaue him great intertainment, and gladde of their friendly reconcilement, promising such fauor as the pouertie of his estate might affoord, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. Whereupon Saladine briefly discourst vnto him his iniustice and tyranies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him,) that Gerismond greatly praysed the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Many questions passed: but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious fortune said the King, that to double the fathers miserie, wrongest the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when hee heard the whole matter, although he grieued for the exile of his Maister, yet hee hoped that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a long while, and seeing what familiaritie passed betweene them, and what fauors were enterchanged with brotherly affection, said thus: yea mary, thus it should be, this was the concord that olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wisht betwixt you. Nowe fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, looke to liue fortunate and die honorable.

Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but hast any victuals in store for vs? A peece of redde Deere, quoth hee, and a bottle of Wine. Tis Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader, and so they sate them downe, and fell to their cates. Assone as they had taken their repast, and well dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes hee walked vp and downe with his Brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly missed of his Ganimede, who mused much (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought hee had taken

some word vnkindly, & had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawne his fancie, or happily he was sicke, or detained by some great busines of Gerismonds, or that hee had made a reconcilement to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heades, but especially Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence: for loue measures euerie minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to bee months, till they feede their eyes with the sight of their desired obiect. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eie, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest Bill on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shee said to Aliena, see mistris where your iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad (qd. Aliena) your nose bewrayes what pottage you loue, the winde cannot be tied within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a vale, oyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes. but no more of that, Lupus est in fabula. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why how now gentle Forrester, what wind hath kept you from hence? that being so newly maried, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many dayes? Are these the passions you painted out in your Sonets and Roundelaies? I see well vote loue is some colde, and that the fancie of men is like a lose feather that wandereth in the ayre with the blast of euerie winde. You are deceiued Mistris, quoth Rosader, twas a coppy of vnkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being maried you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occasion of offence, by absenting my selfe three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must graunt of course, in that the fault is so frindly confest with penniance. But to tell you the truth, faire Mistresse, and my good Rosalind, my eldest Brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chaunce he and I met in the Forrest. And here Rosader discourst vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieued inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecie, that the concealing was more sorrow then the cõceit, yet that her estate might be hid still,

she

ſhe made faire weather of it, and ſo let all paſſe.

Fortune that ſaw how theſe parties vaile wed not her Deitie, but held her power in ſcorne, thought to haue a bout with them, and brought the matter to paſſe thus. Certaine raſcalls that liued by prowling in a foreſt, who for feare of the Prouoſt Marſhall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to ſhrowd themſelues from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardeſſe Aliena, thought to ſteale her away, and giue her to the King for a preſent, hoping, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift, to purchaſe all their pardons, and therfore came to take her, and her page away. Thus reſolued, while Aliena and Ganimede were in ſad talke, they came rushing in, and laide violent hands on Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Roſader, who hauing the valour of his father ſtampt in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way to be toucht with the leaſt blemiſh of diſhonor, and therefore dealt ſuch blowes amongſt them with his weapon, as hee did witneſſe well vpon their carkaſſes, that he was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, ſo Roſader could not reſiſt a multitude, hauing none to backe him: ſo that he was not only batted, but ſore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had béene carried away by the raſcalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who wandring to finde out his brothers walke, encountred this crew, and ſeeing, not onely a ſhepheardeſſe and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaued vp a forreſt bill he had on his necke, and the firſt he ſtroke, had neuer after more néede of the phiſition, redoubling his blowes with ſuch courage, that the ſlaues were amazed at his valour.

Roſader ſéeing his brother ſo fortunately arriued, and ſéeing how valiantly he behaued himſelfe, though ſore wounded, ruſhed among them, and laid on ſuch loade, that ſome of the crew were ſlaine, and the reſt fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede to the poſſeſſion of Roſader and Saladine.

Aliena, after ſhee had breathed a while, and was come to herſelfe from this feare, lookt about her, and ſaw where Ganimede was buſie, dreſſing vp the wounds of the forreſter: but ſhee caſt her eye vpon this curteous champion, that had made ſo hot a reſcue, and that with ſuch affection, as ſhe beganne to meaſure euery part of him

with fauour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst affaile such a troupe of vnbridled villaines. At last gathering his spirits together, she returned vnto him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you bee that haue aduentured your flesh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions: We poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy, as a poore shepheardesse and her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, wee'le pay him with smiles, and feede him with louelookes, and though he be neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wee'le so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to suruey al her liniaments with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broyles to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the hart so deepe, as it could neuer bee raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long till Aliena wart red, hee returned her this answere.

Faire shepheardesse, if fortune graced mee with such good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the relieue of a distressed woman, is the speciall poynt, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duetie then curtesie, thankes is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either coy, or too careless of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde Gramercy for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and said. Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No maruaile, quoth he (gentle Swayne) for tis my eldest Brother Saladine. Your brother,

quoth

(quoth Aliena) and with that shée blusht, bee is the more welcome. and I holde my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe donne such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doe mée that honour, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content sweete mistresse (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will bee vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue mee some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bléede sore, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teares in eyes, and passions in her heart, to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Mazer, shée spiced it with such comfortable drugs as shee had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, ledde his flocke downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech trée sate downe, and beganne to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon trée, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner.

Alienaes Meditation.

Ay me, now I see, and sorrowing, sigh to see, that Dianaes Lawrells, are harbourers of Venus Doues, that there trace aswell thorow the Lawns, wontons, as chast ones. That Calisto, be shee neuer so chary, will cast an amorous eye at courting loue: that Diana her selfe will change her shape, but she will honour loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes, bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more pliable then waxe. See Aliena, how fortune and loue haue interleagued themselues to bee thy foes, and to make thée their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Of late thou heldst Venus for a gigiet, not a Goddesse, now thou shalt be forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy and blind, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee at the heart. While I liued in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desire. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus countercheck me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made low by destinie:

I haue heard them say, that loue lookes not at lowe Cottages, that Venus iets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that he scornes to touch pouertie with his heele. Tush Alynda, these are but olde wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that pesants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as soone about a sheepe-coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, beeing rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then? women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is leueld on a more seemely saint. If it bee so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wronge thée that hath not wroong him, if hee bee proud in contempt, bée thou rich in content, and rather die then discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, then to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough, O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou béene thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, else had thou not bin now won: but for all these vertues, banisht by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he will hate the fruit for the trée, and condemne the yong sien for the olde stocke. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I will, and what so euer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hée of mée as he please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, shee rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but nowe Aliena beganne to comfort her, herselfe beeing ouergrowne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her Melancholie with many pleasant perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes, supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hée after supper, to passe away the night while bed-time, beganne a long discourse, how Montanus the young Shepheard that was in loue with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her handes: but still pained in restlesse passions, remayned a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe, is she so faire

that

that she thinkes no shepheard woorthie of her beautie: or so froward that no loue nor loyaltie will content her: or so coy, that she requireth a long time to bee wooed, or so foolish she forgets, that like a seppe she must haue a large harueſt for a little corne.

I cannot diſtinguiſh, ſaid Coridon, of theſe nice qualities, but one of theſe dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may ſee their perſons, and note their paſſions: and then where the blame is, there let it reſt. But this I am ſure, ſaid Coridon, if all Maides were of her mind, the world woulde grow to a mad paſſe, for there ſhould be much more of wooing, and little wedding, many words and little worſhip, much folly, and no faith.

At this ſad ſentence of Coridon, ſo ſadly brought forth, Aliena ſmiled, and becauſe it waxed late, ſhee and her Page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Roſader, and Aliena for the affection ſhe bare to Saladine. In this diſcontented humor, they paſt away the time, till falling aſleepe, their ſenſes at reſt, loue left them to their quiet ſlumbers: which were not long, for aſſoone as Phœbus roſe frō his Aurora, and began to mount him in the ſkie, ſummoning plow-ſwaines to their handie labour, Aliena roſe, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, ſaying, the Morning is farre ſpent, the dew ſmall, and time called them away to the folds. Ah, ha, ſaid Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond ſo hard, but will peele to the File, no Cedar ſo ſtrong, but the wind will ſhake, or no minde ſo chaſte but loue will change. Well Aliena, muſt Saladine be the man and will it be a match: truſt me, he is faire and valiant, the ſonne of a worthy Knight, whom if he imitate in perfection, as hee repreſents him in proportion, hee is woorthy of no leſſe then Aliena. But he is an exile, what then? I hope my Miſtreſſe reſpects the vertues, not the wealth, and meaſures the qualities, not the ſubſtance.

Thoſe dames that are like Danae, that like Ioue in no ſhape, but in a ſhower of gold, I wiſh them huſbands with much wealth, and little wit, that the want of the one may blemiſh the abundance of the other. It ſhould (my Aliena) ſtaine the honor of a ſhepheards life, to ſet the end of paſſions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not ſo low as gold, there is no fees to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Coridon hath told me) the ſhepheards loue gifts were Apples, and Cheſ-

nuts,

nuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now

Quærenda pecunia primum post nummos virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

——omnis enim res,
Virtus fama decus diuina humanaque pulchris.
Diuitiis parent: quas qui constrixerit ille
Clarus erit fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid volet.

But Aliena let it not be so with thée in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought shée kist the child for the nurses sake, and wooed for him, that shee might please Rosader, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? hast thou seene loue in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a physiognomer as the Lapidarie, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by the hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not euer the most precious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes calenders of fancie, nor doe their thoughts and their lookes euer agree: For when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they oft most emptie of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I be melancholie, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seeing fire cannot be hidde in the straw, nor loue kept so couert but it will be spied, what should friendes conceale fancies? Know (my Ganimede) the beautie and valor, the wit & prowesse of Saladine, hath fettered Aliena so farre as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if loue hath done mee in-

iustice

ſtice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of thy face, and that hee is as deepely enamored as I am paſſionate. I tell thee Ganimede, there ſhall not be much wooing, for ſhe is already wonne, and what néeds a longer battery? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it ſhall bee thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine and I with Roſader, thus haue the deſtinies fauoured vs with ſome pleaſing aſpect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede ſtart vp, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where vnfolding their flocks, they ſat them down vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuerſly affected: Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede ſorrowing for the wounds of Roſader, not quiet in thought, till ſhee might heare of his health. As thus both of them ſate in their dumpes, they might eſpy where Coridon came running towards them, almoſt out of breath with haſt. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in ſuch poſt? O miſtris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time deſired to ſée Phœbe the faire ſhepheardeſſe, whom Montanus loues, if now ſo it pleaſe you and Ganimede to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there ſhall you ſée Montanus and her ſitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his country ditties, and ſhée ſo coy as if ſhe held loue in diſdaine.

The newes were ſo welcome to the two louers, that vp they roſe, and went with Coridon. Aſſoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might eſpy where Phœbe ſate, (the faireſt Shepheardeſſe in all Arden, and the frolickeſt Swaine in the whole Forreſt) ſhee in a petticoate of Scarlet, couered with a greene mantle, and to ſhroude her from the ſunne a chaplet of Roſes, from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two ſuch eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nimph ſate the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauors, wooing with ſuch piteous lookes and courting with ſuch déepe ſtained ſighes: as would haue made Diana her ſelfe to haue béene compaſſionate: at laſt firing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he ſung this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle ſate vpon a leaueleſſe tree,
mourning her abſent pheare,

With sad and sorry cheere
About her wondring stood,
The Citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them
The birds with sorow paine them
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and sorrowes rue:
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouerthrowne,
Oh how would *Phœbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

The loue-sicke *Polypheme* that could not see,
Who on the barraine shore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone:
And with his cryes,
Afflicts both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betooke:
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourne
Alas his paine is nought:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would *Phœbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phœbe* daine,
to see her *Montane* die.

After this, Montanus felt his passions so extreame, that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur,
Modere vn peu ta violence,
Que te sert ainsi grande dispence?

C'eſt trop de flammes pour vn cœur,
Eſpargnez en vne eſt incelle,
Puis fait ton effort d'eſmouoir,
La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
En quel feu ie bruſle pour elle.
Execute Amour ce deſſein,
Et rabaiſſe vn peu ſon audace,
Son cœur ne doit eſtre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de Neige le ſein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with ſuch a holy of ſighs, and ſuch a ſtreame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phœbe to haue granted him fauor. But ſhe meaſuring all his paſſions with a coy diſdaine and triumphing in the poore ſhepheards patheticall humors, ſmiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had beene no maladie, ſcornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phebes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus paſſion.

Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fancie once diſtreſſed,
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung,
Are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with a down, downe, &c.

When loue was firſt begot,
And by the mothers will,
Did fall to humane lot,
His ſolace to fullfill:
Deuoyde of all deceit,
A chaſte and holy fire,
Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breaſt inſpire,
The gods that ſaw the good,
That mortals did approue,
With kinde and holy mood e,
Began to talke of loue,
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fancie once diſtreſſed, &c.

But during this accord.
A wonder ſtrange to heare:
Whilſt loue in deede and worde,
Moſt faithfull did appeare,
Falſe ſemblance came in place,
By iealouſie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fancie blended:
Which make the gods forſake,
And men from fancie flie:
And maidens ſcorne a make,
Forſooth, and ſo will I.
Downe a downe.
Thus *Phillis* ſung,
by Fancie once diſtreſſed:
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung
are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus hearing the cruell reſolution of Phœbe, was ſo ouergrowne with paſſions, that from amorous ditties, he fell flat into theſe termes. Ah Phœbe, ſaid he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardſt not my malady? Am I ſo hatefull an obiect, that thy eyes condemne me for an abiect: or ſo baſe, that thy deſires cannot ſtoope ſo low as to lend mee a gracious looke: my paſſions are many, my loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith: all deuoted in humble deuotre to the ſeruice of Phœbe, and ſhall I reape no reward for ſuch fealties? The ſwaines daily labors is quit with the Euenings hire: the plowmans toyle is eaſed with the hope of Corne: what the Oxe ſweats out at the plow: he fatneth at the crib: but infortunate Montanus hath no ſalue for his ſorrow, nor any hope of recompence for the hazard of his perplexed paſſions. If (Phœbe) time may pleade the proofe of my truth, twiſe ſeauen winters haue I loued faire Phœbe: if conſtancie be a cauſe to further my ſuite, Montanus thoughts haue beene ſealed in the ſweet of Phœbes excellence, as far from change as ſhe from loue: if outward paſſions may diſcouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may diſcouer the ſorrows of my hart, and the map of my lookes the griefe of my minde. Thou ſeeſt (Phœbe) the teares of diſpaire haue made my cheekes full of wrinckles,

wrinckles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire eccho her pittie, conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournefull tunes, to listen to the discourse of my passions. I haue pourtraied in euery tree the beauty of my mistris, and the dispaires of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witnesse my woes? and who is it would not pitty my plaints? onely Phœbe, and why? because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe. I a worthlesse swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe, oh might I say pittifull, then happie were I, though I tasted but one minute of that good happe. Measure Montanus, not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phœbe cannot loue, let a storme of frownes ende the discontents of my thoughts, and so let mee perish in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts, only at my death this fauour cannot be denyed me, that all shall say, Montanus tied for loue of hard harted Phœbe.

At these words shee fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe reply. Importunate shepheard, whose loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale it with patience? Or art thou so follie sicke, that thou must needs bee faine sicke, and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none serues but Phœbe? Well sir, if your market can bee made no where else, home againe, for your mart is at the fairest.

Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine, not that I scorne thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honor to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, cease from thy loues, and bridle thy lookes, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame, for in louing me, thou shalt but lose by losse, and what thou vttereſt in words, are all written in the wind. Wert thou Montanus as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander: Phœbe could not loue, because she cannot loue at all and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-hearing these passions of Montanus, could

not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behinde the bush, said: And if (damsell) you fled from mée, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches vnder my féete. Phœbe at this sodaine reply was amazed, especiallie when she saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede: blushing therefore she would haue béene gone, but that hee held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What shepheardesse, faire, & so crueil, disdaine beséemes not cottages, nor coynesse maydes: for, either they be comdemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heede faire nimph, that in dispising loue, you be not ouerreached with loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, and yet vnpittied. Oft haue I heard, and somtimes haue séene hie disdaine turned to hote desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading: as momentarie as the shadowes that grow from a clowdie sunne. Such, my faire shepheardesse, as disdaine in youth, desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue béene loued in the prime. A wrinckled maide is like a parched rose, that is cast vp in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in loue to had I wist, and therefore bee ruled by mee, loue while thou art young, least thou bee disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot bee recalled, and if thou loue, like of Montanus, for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deepely enamored of his perfection, as Montanus enueagled with hers, for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which shee found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had beene leapt from Elisium, in the shape of a Swaine. When she blushed at her owne follie, to looke so long on a stranger, shee mildely made answere to Ganimede thus: I cannot denie Sir, but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt loue, and haue read of such a goddesse as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture: and perhaps, and with that shee waxt red and bashfull, and withall, silent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfullnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps sir, quoth shee, mine eye hath beene more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that shee stayed againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed

plexed. Aliena seeing the Hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she brake off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermilion die, she sate downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the Shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phœbe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that shee would be more pliant to loue, least in penance Venus sopnd to her some sharpe penance. Phœbe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adiew with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle boy perceiued Phœbe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phœbe to the follie of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that hee framed a sweete conceited Sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his bosome: beeing requested by his brother Rosader to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Forrest bill on his necke, he trudged in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did feede: comming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe, Fortune so conducted this iolly Forrester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted on this manner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beauty be tempered with curtesie, and the lineaments of the face graced with the lowlines of minde: as many good fortunes to you and your page as your selues can desire or imagin. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his greene wounds) still mindfull of his friends, hath sent mee vnto you with a kinde salute, to shew that hee brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence he receiued his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempered body, and distressed thoughts, and therefore sent mee with a strict charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kinde a Gentleman, whose paines wee compassionate with as great sorrow, as hee brookes them with griefe: and his wounds breed in vs as many passions, as in him extreamities: so that what disquiet hee feeles in body, wee partake in hart.

Wishing

Wishing (if we might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But seeing our wills yéeld him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie, I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon searcht him, held hee his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these tenne daies to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynd commends her vnto him, and bids him be of good chéere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalynd is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the déepest of his passions, he vseth Rosalind as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my Brother is in loue with some Paragon that holds his hart perplexed, whose name hee oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancy, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth in sundry humors, beeing as it should séeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet preludice, like to the Sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruite infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are deepely read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, vndoubtedly it seemeth you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret Aphorismes. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them, till loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of compassion, when his hart is most free from affection: They court to discouer their eloquence, wée woo to ease our sorrowes: euerie fayre face with them must haue a new fancie, sealed with a fore finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh, wee héere loue one, and liue to that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, vsing fewe ceremonies, because wee know fewe subtilties and little eloquence for that wée lightly account of flatterie: onely Faith and Troth, that is Shepheards wooing: and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardesse, béeing

the

the Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surueying exquisitely every part of him, as vttering all these words in a deepe passion, shee clipped the paper in his bosom, whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, shee suddainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: she was bashfull, and Saladine blusht which she perceyuing, said: May then sir, if you ware red, my life for yours tis some loue matter: Ile see your mistris name, her prayses, and your passions. And with that shee lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,
VVith restlesse sway, and ceaseleſſe turning glides,
If ayre inconstant be, and swelling sourse,
Turne and returnes with many fluent tides:
If earth in winter sommers pride estrange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change,

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wandring still,
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouering power discerneth ill.
And if the bodie for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

VVhence comes it that inforst by furious skies,
I change both place and soyle, but not my hart,
Yet salue not in this change my maladies:
VVhence grows it that each obiect works my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Aliena hauing read ouer the Sonnet, beganne thus pleasantly to descant vpon it I see Saladine (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sonne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted so precious, vnlesse it bee hard: so men are no men vnlesse they bee in

loue: and their honours are measured by their amors, not their labours, countinʒ it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fancie, then full of vertue. I had thought

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque iacent & sine luce fáces.

But I sée Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for euen labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no Pumice stone to race out fancie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends and Countrey, by Torismond, (sorrowes inough to suppresse affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant then fortune, but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires: Saladine, that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, sate downe by her: and Ganimede to giue the meane to their loues found her selfe busie about the folds, whilest Saladine fell into this prattle with Aliena,

Faire Mistris, if I be blunt in discouering my affection, and vse little eloquence in louelling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, shepheards vse no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselues with fewe subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your Countrey fashion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautifull Shepheardesse, that whilst I liued in the Court, I knew not loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy, not as a maladie: vsing fancie as the Hyperborei doe their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuell at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye, but as charily as the Bée; that alsoone as shée hath suckt honie from the Rose, strait sitteth to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for Poems, that flowed from the quicknes of their wit, not the sorrowes of their hart: But now faire Nimph, since I became a forrester, loue hath taught me such a lesson, that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, as there is nothing so precious as beautie, so there is nothing more piercing then fancie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I haue bin so fettred w̄ your beuty and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladine without further circumstance

loues

loues Aliena. I could paint out my desires with long ambages: but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that truth is euer naked, let this suffise for country woing, Saladine loues Aliena, and none but Aliena. Although these words were most heauenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse, yet to séeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine loue howsoeuer shee desired loue, shee made this reply.

Ah Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtile then to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted baite: as men are wise, so women are wary, speciallie if they haue that wit, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not know Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes? and their words are preiudiciall as the charmes of Circes that transforme men into monsters? If such Syrens sing, wee poore women had néed stop our eares, least in hearing, we proue so foolish hardy, as to beleeue them, and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting little. Saladine *Piscator ictus sapit*, hee that hath beene once poysoned, and afterward feares not to bowse of euery potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Giue mee leaue then to mistrust, though I doe not condemne. Saladine is now in loue with Aliena, he a Gentleman of great parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane parents: hée honorable, and shee poore: can loue consist of contrarieties? will the faulcon pearch with the kistrell, the Lion harbor with the woolfe? will Venus ioyne robes and rags together? or can there be a simpathy betwéene a king and a beggar?

Then Saladine, how can I beléeue thée, that loue should vnite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrées? But suppose thou likest of Alienaes beautie, men in their fancie resemble the Waspe, which scornes that flower from which shee had fetcht her war: playing like the inhabitants of the Iland Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweet spices, vse the Trees for fewell: so men, hauing glutted themselues with the faire of womens faces, hold them for necessarie euills: and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancie, as children doe their rattles: and lothing that which so déeply before they liked, especiallie such as take loue in a minute, and haue their eyes attractiue like Iet, apt to entertaine any obiect, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladine hearing how Aliena harpt still on

one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he brake off her sharpe inuectiue thus:

I grant Aliena (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in proning some ripe, and some rotten but particular instances infer no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall not preiudice my fauors. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses, least my words might bee thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I loue Aliena: and wow Aliena: not to croppe the blossomes, and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithful desires, in the honorable end of mariage.

At this worde marriage, Aliena stood in a maze what to answer: fearing, if shee were too coy, to driue him away with her disdaine, if shee were too curteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last this she said: Saladine, euer since I saw thée, I fauored thée, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thée, I loue thee, so farre as mine honor hodes fancy still in suspence: but if I knewe thee as vertuous as thy father, or aswell qualited as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should bee quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answere, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marry with Saladine, or still liue a virgin: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hée had had his mistris long enough at shrift, said: what a match or no? A match (said Aliena) or else it were an ill market. I am glad (said Ganimede) I would Rosader were heere to make vp the messe. Well remembred (said Saladine) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, therefore, least being solitarie he should encrease his sorrows: I will haste me to him. May it please you then to command mee any seruice to him, I am ready to be a trustfull messenger. Onely at this time commend me vnto him, quoth Aliena) and tell him though wee cannot pleasure him, wee pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalynd, sheds as many teares from her heart, as hée drops blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughtes with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content; say thus (good Saladine) and so farewell. He hauing his message, gaue a curteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena: and so playing both

to depart, went to his brother.

But Aliena perplexed, and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praysing the perfection of Saladine, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till euening drew on, then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phœbe. Phœbe fired with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, gauled with restlesse passions, as now she beganne to knowledge, there was no flower so fresh, but might bee partched with the sunne: no tree so strong, but might be shaked with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armes with loue, could make amorous: for shée that held Diana for the Goddesse for her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the altar of Venus, as suppliant nowe with prayers, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shée lay in her bed, shee called to minde the seuerall beauties of yong Ganimede, first his locks: which béeing amber hued, passeth the wreath Phœbus puts on, to make his front glorious: his browe Iunoe, was like the seate where loue and maiestie sits inthrond, to inchaine Fancy: his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdaine, and smiles with fauour, lightning such lookes as would inflame desire, were she wrapt in circle of the frozen zone: in his chæekes the vermilion tincture of the Rose flourished vpon natural Alablaster, the bluth of the morne and Lunaes siluer shew were so liuely portrayed, that the Troian that fills out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautiful, his face was full of pleasance, & all the rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phœbe was fettered in the sweetnesse of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixt with a content, shée rather wisht to die then to liue in this amorous anguish. Wishing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was shee forced to pine in her malatie, without any salue for her sorrowes: reueale it shée durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie: and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire suppresst, growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt, to the more violent streame, so loue smothered, wrings the heart with déeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundrie agonies, her sodebeganne to faile, and the disquiet of her minde beganne to worke a distemperature of

her body, that to be short, Phæbe fell extreame sicke, and so sicke, as there was (almost) left no recouerie of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phæbe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine, to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, and yet she, *magis agrotauit animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceyued, and sorrowed at, but salue it they could not.

The newes of her sickenesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man, came to visit Phæbe: where sitting by her bed side, he beganne his exordium with many teares and sighs, that she perceyuing the extreamity of his sorrowes, beganne now as a Louer to pittie them, though Ganimede held her from redressing them. Montanus craued to knowe the cause of her sicknes, tempered with secrete plaints, but shee aunswered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, and coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To vtter them in wordes shee found her selfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, shee would not trust any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: whereupon for her last refuge, shee resolued to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for shee would see if she could steale a nap. He was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, she took pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phæbe to Ganimede, wisheth that she wants her selfe.

FAire Shepheard (therefore is Phæbe vnfortunate, because thou art faire) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous, to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fancie, then before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to thine by nature, drawne to thine by beautie: which being rare and made more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phæbe, as shee rests at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then, as thou knowest

thy

thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest me hard hearted, because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate: if thou sayst I am kinde hearted, because so lightly I loued thee at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destinie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to bee resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would striue with Fortune but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with Oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, harbors in the heart, and will neither be driuen out with phisicke, nor reason, pittie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue, but from thy swéet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy graunt: and thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wronged, when I am forst to woo, and coniecture loue to be strong, that is more forcible then Nature. Thus distressed, vnlesse by thee eased, I expect, either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserably by thy denial. Liuing in hope, Farewell.

She that must be thine
or not at all *Phabe*.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My Boat doth passe the streights
of Seas incenst with fire,
Filld with forgetfulnesse,
amidst the winters night:
A blind and careless boy,
(brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare, he sets
a ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in steede of waue)
a hope without distresse,
The winds of my deepe sighs
(that thunder still for nought)
Haue split my sailes with feare,
with care and heauinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,
A blacke and hideous clowde,
A thousand fierce disdaines,
Doe slacke the haleyards oft,
Till ignorance doe pull,
And error haile the shrowd,
No starre for safetie shines,
No Phœbe from aloft.
Time hath subdued Art, and ioy is slaue to woe.
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what shall I perish so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no fitte messenger to send it by, and therefore shée called Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistris in all seruice) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdome, and so (taking the Letter) went the next morne very early to the plaines where Aliena fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomegranate tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what newes should come from an vnknowne shepherdesse: but taking the letters, vnript the seales, and read ouer the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When she had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede beganne to smile and looking on Montanus, fel into a great laughter, with that called Aliena, to whom she shewed the writings, who hauing perused them, conceyted them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how loue had poked her, who before would not stoope to the lure. Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying: Knew Phœbe what want there were in thée to performe her will and how vnfit thy kind is to bee kinde to her, she would bee more wise, and lesse enamoured: but leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this swaine.

At this word Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thée tell me Shepheard by those sweete thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from thy Mistris fauours, art thou in loue with Phœbe? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, where Phœbe

solar in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat, and their Maister more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent, growes the leanneſſe of my ſheepe. Alas poore ſwaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy paſſions ſo extreame, or thy fancie ſo reſolute, that no reaſon will blemiſh the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou ſtriueſt for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, whilſt Montanus forget himſelfe: for thoſe characters true loue hath ſtamped, neither the enuie of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe inſight into the diſpayre of thy fancies, and thou ſhalt ſée the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progreſſe in loue, is a regreſſe to leſſe. ſwimming againſt the ſtreame with the crab, & flying with Apis Indica againſt winde and weather. Thou ſéeke ſt with Phœbus to win Daphne, and ſhe flies faſter then thou canſt follow: thy deſires ſoare with the bobby, but her diſdaine reacheth higher then thou canſt make wing. I tel thée Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the wolues of Syria againſt the moone & roueſt at ſuch a mark with thy thoghts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pittileſſe, and thy maladie remediles. For proofe Montanus read theſe Letters, wherein thou ſhalt ſée thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus toke them and peruſed them, but with ſuch ſorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed a ſowre of confuſed paſſions in his hart: at euery line his colour changed, and euery ſentence was ended with a period of ſighs.

At laſt, noting Phebes extreame deſire towards Ganimede, and her diſdaine towards him, giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shepheard ſtood as though hee had neither wonne nor loſt. Which Ganimede perceiuing, waked him out of his dreame thus: now Montanus, doſt thou ſée, thou boweſt great ſeruice, and obtaineſt but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, ſhée makes thée as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knoweſt is poyſon, créepe not to her that cares not for thée. What Montan, there are many as faire as Phebe, but moſt of all more curteous then Phebe. I tell thée ſhepheard, fauour is loues ſelwell: then ſince thou canſt not get that, let the flame vaniſh into ſmoke, and rather ſorrow for a while, then repent thée for euer. I tell thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are ſtung with the Scorpion, can not be recouered but by the Scorpion, nor he that

was wounded with Achilles launce, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was eased with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion. Circes had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtill reasons to refell all griefes but loue. Perswasions are hopelesse, reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Thus quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thée a dispairing louer that liuest with ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee? shall I disdaine Phœbe as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renue my griefe, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. If all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being loue-sicke, she is proued hart-sicke, and all for the beauty of Ganim. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thée so déere, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramor to such a paragon, she hath beauty to please thine eye, and flocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more then thou shalt winne by her: for shée is beautiful, vertuous, and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliena séeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: séeing if Ganimede marry Phœbe, thy market is cleane marred.

Ah mistris (quoth hee) so hath loue taught me to honor Phœbe, that I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather then shee would perish for want. It shall suffice me to sée her contented and to feede mine eye on her fauor. If she marry, though it be my Martyrdome, yet if she be pleased, Ile brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to sée her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as curteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena, and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loues, for that they pitied

his

his passions, and commended his patience, deuising how they might by any subtiltie, get Montanus Phœbes fauour. Strait (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancy the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, hee prosecuted his pollicie thus. Montanus, quoth hée, séeing Phœbe is so forlorne, least I might be counted vnkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phœbe, and there heare her selfe in word vtter, that she hath discourst with her pen, and then, as loue wils me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination and away they goe towards the house of Phœbe. When they drew nie to the cottage, Montanus ran before and went in and told Phœbe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This worde (Ganimede) sounding in the eares of Phœbe, droue her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuiued, and her wanne colour began to ware red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phœbe with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrowes: sitting him downe by her bedde side, he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefely held her. Phœbe looking as lonely as Venus in her night géere, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when she bewraid her loues to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hand, said thus: Faire Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, or fancy the sharpest extreame, my immodestie were the more, and my vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there hee peruerteth all, & wreasts the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath hee kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie, and seeke the salue at thy hands for my harmes: blame me not if I be ouer bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I bee too forward, it is fancie, and the déepe insight into thy vertues that doe make me thus fond. For, let mee say in a worde what may bee contained in a volume: Phœbe loues Ganimede: at this shee helde downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede rose, as one that would suffer no filth to hang on his fingers, made this reply, Water not thy plants, Phœbe, for I doe pittie thy plaines, nor seeke not

to discouer thy loues in teares: for I coniecture thy trueth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for loues, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolike Phebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recoverie. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieued me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue bene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou aleagest that thou art forst from him by fate, so I tell thee Phebe, either some starre, or some destenie fits my minde, rather with Adonis to die in chase, than bee counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pitty thy martyrdome, yet cannot I grant marriage, for though I holde thee faire, yet mine eyes is not fettred: loue growes not like the hearb Spartanna to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last, attaines to the top. *Festina lente*, especially in loue, for momentary fancies are ostentimes the fruits of follies: If (Phebe) I should like thee as the Hyperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should bee great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I wil haue time to turne my thoughts, and my loues shall grow vp as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phebe, thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phebe, seeke not to suppresse affection, and with the loue of Montanus, quench the remembrance of Ganimede: strine thou to hate me, as I seeke to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for well maist thou haue one more wealthy, but not more loyall. These words were corasiues to the perplexed Phebe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganimede, but suspence, no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but bee posted off to the will of time? Iust haue the gods balanced my fortunes, who beeing cruell to Montanus, found Ganimede as vnkind to my selfe: so in forcing him to perish for loue, I shall die my selfe with ouermuch loue, I am glad quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shoe wrings you, measuring now the paines of Montanus, by your owne passions. True, quoth Phebe, and so deepely I repent mee of my frowardnesse towards the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolue to loue Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phebe to mislike of

Ganimede,

Ganimede, wil she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thée, then will I fancy him: conditionally, that if my loue can be suppreſt with no reaſon, as being without reaſon, Ganimede will onely wed himſelfe to Phebe. I grant it, faire ſhepheardeſſe, quoth he, and to ſéed thée with the ſweetnes of hope, this reſolue on: I will neuer marry my ſelfe to woman, but to thy ſelfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phebe a fruitles kiſſe, and ſuch words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, ſhee roſe out of her bed, and made him and Monanus as good cheere as could bee found in ſuch a country Cottage, Ganimede in middeſt of this banquet, rehearſing the promiſes of either, in Montanus fauor, which highly pleaſed the ſhepheard. Thus all three content, and ſoothed vp in hope, Ganimde toke his leaue of Phebe, and departed, leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleaſed. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Roſader, calling to remembrance his wounds, filled her eyes full of teares, & her heart full of ſorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the ſoldes, thinking with her preſence to driue away her paſſions. As ſhee came on the plaines, ſhe might eſpy where Roſader and Saladine ſate with Aliena vnder the ſhade: which ſight was a ſalue to her griefe, and ſuch a cordiall vnto her heart, that ſhee tript amongſt the lawnes full of ioy. At laſt, Coridon, who was with them, ſpied Ganimede: with that the clowne roſe, and running to méet him, cried, O ſirra, a match, a match, our miſtris ſhall bee maried on Sonday. Thus the poore peſant frolickt it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue ſaluted them all, and ſpecially Roſader, ſaying that hee was glad to ſée him ſo well recouered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad ſo ſone quoth Roſader, but that I am bidden to a warriage, which on ſonday next muſt be ſolemnized, betwixt my brother and Aliena. I ſée wel where loue leads, delay is lothſome, and what ſmall woing ſerues where both parties are willing. True quoth Ganimede, but what a happie day ſhould it be, if Roſader that day might be married to Roſalynd? Ah good Ganimede, quoth hee, by naming Roſalynd, renue not my ſorrowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miſeries. Tuſh, be of good cheere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experienced in negromancie and magicke, what Art can doe, ſhalbe acted for thine aduantage. I will cauſe to bring in Roſalynd, if either Fraunce, or any bordering Nation harbour

her, and vpon that take the faith of a yong shepheard. Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the page somewhat pleasant, began to discourse vnto them what had passed betweene him & Phœbe: which as they laught, so they wondred with all, confessing that there is none so chaste, but loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the sunne began to set, they toke their leaues, and departed. Aliena prouiding for their mariage day such solemne cheere and hansome robes as fitted their country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thether as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kertle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that shee seemed some heauenly Nymph, harboured in country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptialles, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his mariage. In the meane time Phœbe beeing a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus suted himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to giue Phœbe answer of her loues: and Montanus, either to beare the bome of his misery, or the censure of his happines: but as this geare was a brewing, Phœbe past not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so was she wrapt in the beauty of this louely swaine. Much prattle they had, and discourse of many passions. Phœbe wisht for the day (as she thought) of her welfare: Ganimede smiling to think what vnexpected euents would fall out at the wedding. In these humors passed the weeke, that at last sunday came.

No sooner did Phœbus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue warning that his maisters horses should bee trapped in his glorious coach, Coridon in his holliday sute, maruellous seemely, in a russet iacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of chamblet sleeues, bound at the wreastes with foure yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons. his hose were of grey kersey, with a large slop, garded ouerthwart the pocket holes with three faire guards, stitcht of either side red third: his stocke was of the owne, seiued close to his breech,

and

and for to beautifie his hose, hee had trust in himselfe round with a dozen of new threeden points of medley colour: his bonnet greene, wherein stoode a copper brooch with the picture of S. Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shirt-band of fine Rockram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus, attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choice bowers, then any Country cottage.

Thether repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee, but howsoeuer she helpt to prank out Aliena, yet her eie was still on Ganimede who was so neate in a suite of gray, that he seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nimph Oenone. Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Aliena, and ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegroome should come. Who attired in a Forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swaynes. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shepheardesse whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, he that was wont to sit in his royall pallace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troope of reueling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that hee might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumpes she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate. With such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolickt it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a large Mazer full of Sider, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that he

he began to smile, and take it of the old Shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her fayre maides, among whom Phœbe was the formest. Aliena pledged the king, and dranke to Rosader: so the carowse went round from him to Phœbe, &c. As they were thus drinking, and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted despaire, and on his sheepehooke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his hart was of sorrows, shewing in his countenance the mappe of extreamities. The Shepheards seeing him, did him all the honor they could, as beeing the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Sheepe in Ida. He seeing the King, and gessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reuerence his Country curtesie could afford, insomuch that the king wondring at his attire, demanded what he was. Montanus ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, quoth he, Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontentments as I seeme fraught with outward follies. My eyes like Bées delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they cary home to the hiue of my hart, far more gall then hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton: I hunt with the flie to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nie the sun, I perish by the sun, my thoughts are aboue my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater thē my loue. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the meane, I die for being so meane, my night sleeps are waking slumbers, as full of sorrowes as they be from rest, and my dates labors are fruitles amors, staring at a star, and stumbling at a strawe, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure, though it pinch, because loue hides his wormeseed in figges, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadowes preiudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellers are my deep discontents, and I hate [illegible] which should salue my hurt me, like the patient, which stung with [illegible]arantula, loaths musicke, and yet the disease incurable but by [illegible]. Thus Sir, restlesse, I hould my selfe remediles, as louing [illegible]t either reward or regard, & yet louing, because there is none [illegible]thy to be loued, but the ministris of my thoughts. And that I am

as

as full of passions as I haue discourst in my plaints, sir if you please, see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that hee tooke the papers off his booke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse:
But where the melancholie fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarmd of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauines,
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endles griefe my heedlesse iudgment charmes)
My silent tongue assaild by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My hart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinion slaue to euery toy.
Oh loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haires their shadowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kind were as charie of loue as a King. Well hetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eye
Frownes amidst the skie:
The shepheard to asswage,
The furie of the heate,
Himselfe doth safely seate,
By a fount
Full of fayre,
Where a gentle breath
mounting from beneath,
Tempereth the ayre,
There his flockes,
Drinke their fill.

And with eale repoſe,
Whilſt ſweet ſleepe doth cloſe
Eyes from toyling ill.
But I burne,
Without reſt,
No defenſiue power,
Shields from Phœbes lower:
Sorrow is my beſt,
Gentle loue
Lowre no more:

If thou wilt inuade,
In the ſecret ſhade,
Labour not ſo ſore,
I my ſelfe
And my flocks
They their loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhady oakes
Content to burne in fire,
Sith loue doth ſo deſire.

Et florida pungunt.

Geriſmond ſeeing the pithie vaine of thoſe Sonets, began to make further enquiry what hee was: whereupon Roſader diſcourſt vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phebe, his great loialtie, and her great cruelltie, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Nimph amorous of young Ganimede. Vpon this diſcourſe the King was deſirous to ſee Phebe, who being brought before Geriſmond by Roſader, ſhadowed the beautie of her face with ſuch a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes beganne to dazle at the beautie of her excellence. After Geriſmond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, he queſtioned with her why ſhe rewarded Montanus loue with ſo little regard, ſeeing his ſecrets were many, and his paſſions extreame. Phœbe to make reply to the Kings demaund, anſwered thus, Loue (ſir) is charitie in his law, and whatſoeuer hee ſets downe for iuſtice, bee it neuer ſo vniuſt, the ſentence cannot be reuerſt. Womens fancies lend fauors not euer by deſert, but as they are inforſt by their deſires: for fancie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the ſtarres decree, ſtands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wiſe, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly eſcaping the charmes of a pleaſant tongue, as Vliſſes the melody of Syrens, Montanus is beautiful, and womens eyes are inamored in the excellence of the obiects as deſirous to feede their lookes with a face faire, as the Bee to ſucke the ſweet flower. Montanus is wealthy, and an ounce of giue mee, perſwades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden ſhower, when ſhee could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter. I tell you Sir, the ſtring of a womans heart reacheth to the puiſe of her hand, and let a man rub that with gelde, and tis hard but ſhee will proue his harts golde,

Montanus

Montanus is young, a great clause in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destinies haue set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus, to adde reuenge, hath giuen mee wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sawse, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus, as peremptorie in disdaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, quoth she, Alienaes page, young Ganimede.

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the chrystall of his face with a ruddy brightnes. The king noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauor, to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demaunded of him, why he sighed so sore: Because Rosader, quoth he the fauor of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so deepely, as though his hart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd, And vpon condition quoth Gerism. that Rosalind were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smiled vpon Ganimede, and she could scarce keepe countenance: yet shee saluted all with secrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganim. what the reason was hee regarded not Phebes loue. seeing shee was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phebe, I should greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him a moment. hee hath laboured for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with this promise, that if I can with reason suppresse Phebes loue towards me, she shal like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phebe, I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasiue of reason: for iustice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phebe. And in your discretion quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

goe away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues monarch: if Phebe, win, then am I in effect most miserable. Wee will see this controuersie quoth Gerism. and then we will to church, therfore Ganim. let vs heare your argument. Nay pardon my absence a while quoth she, & you shall see one in store. In went Gammede & drest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of gréene, with a kirtle of rich sendall, so quaint, that shee seemed Diana triumphing in the forest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flowers. thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented herselfe at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, as craning his blessing. & discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, & how euer since shee liued in that country disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seat, and fel vpon her neck, vttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, driuen into such an extasie of content that he could not vtter one worde. At this sight, if Rosader, was both amazd and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so deepely hee had affected. At last Gerismond recouered his sprites, and in most fathetly termes entertayned his daughter Rosalind after many questions demanding of her what had past betwéene her and Rosader. So much sir, quoth she as there wants nothing but your grace to make vp the mariage. Why then quoth Gerismond Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosal. who turning to Phebe, demanded if she had shewed sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phebe, & so great a perswasiue that if it please you madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I wil make this day the third couple in mariage. She had no sooner spoke this worde, but Montanus threw away his Garland of Willow, his bottle, where was painted despayre, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing hinselfe as frolike as Paris when he hanseled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phebe should kéepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dump, to wake him from his dreame, beganne thus: Why how now my Saladine all a mort, what man, melancholy at the day of mariage?

perchance

perchance thou art sorrowfull to think on thy brothers high fortunes, and thine own base desires, to chuse so meane a shepheardesse. Cheere vp thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes and said: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to liue with thee exiled in ỹ country? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrester be frolike, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, and ful of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these comicall euents, Coridon came skipping in, and told them the priest was at church, and tarried their comming. Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where, to the admiration of the countrey swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. Assoone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, the tables were spred, and the bride sat downe by Gerismond: Rosader, Saladine, and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheere they had, such as the country could afford. but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, & many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them merry. Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country lasse,
heigh ho bonny lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasse.
and weeping said, wil none come woo me.
A smicker boy a lither swayne,
heigh ho a smicker swayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine
with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,
heigh ho when shee espide:

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
she simpred smooth like bonny bell,
The swayne that saw her squint-eide kind,
heigh ho squint-eide kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire lasse, how fare yee? well.

The country Kit said well forsooth,
heigh ho, well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me cry:
Alas said he what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho, what garres thy griefe?
A wound quoth she without releefe,
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard said,
heigh ho the shepheard said,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle maide,
and so recure thy maladie:
Hereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh ho with many an oath,
And fore god Pan did plight their troth,
and to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh ho the pretty peate
That feares to die of this conceite,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the midest of their iollitie, worde was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arriued, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouerhearing this newes, demaunded who it was. it is quoth Rosader, my middle brother, that liues a scholer in Paris, but what hath driuen him to seeke vs out, I know not. Wherewith Saladine went and met his brother, whome hee welcomed with all curtesie: and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor: where they

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond kneeling on his knee, did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers mariage be a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from daintie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, leaue off your amors, and fall into armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hetherto you haue bene passionate. For know Geris. that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Peeres of Fraunce are vp in armes, to recouer thy right. and Toris. troupt with a crew of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid the battell. The armies are ready to ioyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine & Rosader, mount you, and show your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue been hartie louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Country, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts and prooue children worthy of so honorable a parent. At these newes, Gerism. leapt from the bord, and Saladine and Rosader betoke them selues to their weapons. Nay, quoth Gerismond, go with mee, I haue horse and armor for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that wee carry reuenge and honour at our fauchions points. Thus they leaue the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her Father, be not turning a worde because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader, horse and armor, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered where in a valley both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seing ỳ wing wherin the Peeres fought, thrust in there, & cried Saint Denis, laying such loade vppon his enemies, that he shewed how highly hee did estimate of a crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull king was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Toris. army put to flight, & himselfe slaine in battaile. The Peeres then gathered themselues together, & saluted the king, conducting him royally into Paris, where he was receiued ioyfully of all the citizens.

All seems

Now as all was quiet, and hee had receiued againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the Court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her Father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, assone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament by the consent of the Nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, and restored Saladine to his fathers land, and gaue him the Dukedome of Namures, he made Fernandine principal Secretary to himselfe: and that fortune might euery way seeme frolike, made Montanus Lord ouer all the forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon maister of Alindaes flocks.

HEere Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, *that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incur much preiudice, that dission in nature as it is a blemish in nature, so tis a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that yonger brethren, though inferior in yeeres yet may be superior in honours, that concord is the sweetest elusion, and amitie be betwixt two brothers, more forcible then Fortune. If you gather any fruit by this* Legacie, *speake well of* Euphues *for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace mee with that fauour, you encourage me to be the more forward: and assoone as I haue ouer-looke my labours, expect the* Saylers Kalender.

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FINIS. Tho. Lodge.